THE SCHLESINGER PROBLEM SEN. JAMES ABOUREZK

THE NATION

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THE DILEMMA OF AMERICAN JEWRY

Can It Openly Debate Begin's Policy?

Our Correspondent Interviews a Cross Section of American Jewish Leadership

ARTHUR H. SAMUELSON

Welfare vs. Liberty

PRISONERS OF BENEVOLENCE

IRA GLASSER

Rhodesia's 'Settlement'

IAN SMITH TIMES IT RIGHT

Daniel I. Fine

Understanding the Master

ROBERT SOBUKWE'S LEGACY

Andrew Silk

IRVING KRISTOL'S CAPITALISM / Philip Green

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LETTERS

in contempt

San Antonio, Texas

I represented more conscientious objectors during the war in Vietnam than any lawyer in Texas. In the process of doing so, my contempt for Harvard intellectuals was (and is) without limits. They sent the poor off to war (more than half my clients were Catholic boys from working families) while they kept their own children out of combat. They gave my father's old friend, Lyndon Johnson, an inferiority complex. The worst sons of bitches in America—that's what they are.

But I want to tell you something good about Erwin Griswold, the Harvard Law School's dean from 1946 to 1967. Around the time of "Jonathan Lubell & the *Law Review*" [*The Nation*, Mar. 18] a bill came up in the Texas House of Representatives which would have caused any state employee to be fired who invoked the Fifth Amendment. As a member of the House I wrote Griswold for help; he gave me help by return mail.

A few years ago Justice Hugo Black gave a client of mine, a Methodist preacher's son, a stay order from being flown as an unwilling soldier to Vietnam. The young man in his conscientious objector application did not define "God" in orthodox terms; the chaplains, a command-dominated bunch, recommended against approval. Mr. Griswold, by then Solicitor General, filed a pleading not opposing a stay order and may have saved the boy's life.

I wouldn't know Griswold if I saw him, but in the words of the late J. Frank Dobie he strikes me as being a pretty good man "to ride the river with." *Maury Maverick Jr.*

matter of taste

Long Beach, Calif.

It would indeed be a pity if any of your readers should neglect exploring the delights of Brian O'Nolan (alias Flann O'Brien and Myles na gCopaleen) because of J.D. O'Hara's snide review [*The Nation*, Feb. 25].

Among his pointless pejoratives, O'Hara tells us that O'Nolan was a civil service "functionary" and a "part-time writer" of satiric newspaper columns, plays, TV scripts, and novels. (One thinks of such other "functionaries" and "part-time" writers as Geoffrey Chaucer and Anthony Trollope.) He adds that O'Nolan "died, appropriately enough, on April 1."

Along with this sort of gratuitous stuff, O'Hara's review contains some curious errors. He is shaky on which pseudonyms O'Nolan used for certain books. He gives us *anglicize* (from Gaelic into English!) for *translate* and "Sheila" (for Stella) Gibbons as the author of *Cold Comfort Farm*.

O'Hara is full of highly debatable ex cathedra pronouncements. For example, his dismissal of *The Third Policeman* as "oddly uninteresting" is quite at variance with the verdict of Kevin Sullivan in the original *Nation* review of that work ten years ago [Feb. 5, 1968]. . . .

He declares that, "To be sure, Joyce is funnier than Flann O'Brien. . . ." Among others whose claim to expertise in matters of humor is rather more considerable than O'Hara's, S.J. Perelman has said that O'Brien (O'Nolan) is "the best comic writer I can think of." Perelman has also spoken of the "tremendous quality" of O'Nolan's *Irish Times* columns—many of them collected in a marvelous book, *The Best of Myles* (1968), which O'Hara does not mention. But why bother at all to make invidious comparisons between O'Nolan and Joyce? . . . *D.A. Drury*

Storrs, Conn.

Stella, of course—shame on me—but I thought "anglicized" an amusing version of "Englished." It was O'Nolan who kept connecting himself with Joyce—I just went along with

(Continued on page 369)

Variations CALVIN TRILLIN

When Calvin Trillin, distinguished reporter, novelist and keeper of The New Yorker*'s "U.S. Journal," agreed to do a humor column for* The Nation, *we suggested that he borrow his title from Heywood Broun, a* Nation *columnist in the 1920s. For some reason, Mr. Trillin was unenthusiastic about calling his column "It Seems to Heywood Broun" by Calvin Trillin. We compromised on "Variations," which will appear every third week.*

When I was approached about writing a column for *The Nation*, I asked for only one assurance: would I be allowed to make fun of the editor? We all have our own ideas of civil liberties.

The editor, one Victor Navasky, replied to this question with what I believe the novelists call a nervous chuckle. It was, oddly enough, precisely the same response he used to have when, many years ago, I tried to reassure him about the future of *Monocle*, a journal of political satire he edited, by saying that the lack of a sense of humor was probably not an insurmountable handicap for the editor of a humor magazine.

I did think at the time that hiring an advertising director who found advertising repellent was carrying *Monocle*'s policy of personnel perversity too far. The advertising director naturally made no calls on customers—the management would hardly ask someone to commit an act he found loathsome and disgusting—and he tried to avoid talking to any potential advertisers who, despite his best efforts to keep the *Monocle* telephone number secret, tracked him down. "Take a message," he would hiss at the secretary, as he bolted for the door. "Tell him I'm in the bathroom. Get rid of him!"

I now realize that engaging an advertising director who hated advertising was part of Navasky's grand plan to lose money. A man of considerable foresight, he could probably predict what would happen when anti-establishment journalism became difficult to distinguish from an advertising supplement for the record industry: Writers who valued the camaraderie and left-wing politics of some struggling weekly would work alongside the founder for next to nothing for years, only to have the founder sell out one day for two or three million dollars and retire to Cap d'Antibes—still full of camaraderie, not to speak of long-term capital gains. From such incidents came the folk phrase, much repeated by writers, "There's no goniff like a left-wing goniff."

Navasky, not wanting to be an exploiter, saw to it that *Monocle* would remain financially worthless. He did not, on the other hand, take the extremist tack of paying writers. The only editor of a struggling magazine I ever knew to do that was immediately assumed to be an operative of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Navasky kept well clear of such suspicions. Once, not long after I had handed in the transcript of a panel discussion I had organized for an early issue of *Monocle*, I was astonished to be told by one of the college students Navasky regularly captured from some sort of slave/study program he knew about that *Monocle* was sending me a check. No one I knew had ever received a check from *Monocle*. Once, in fact, Navasky had sent me a bill for

(Continued on page 358)

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EDITORIALS

Rediscovering Freedom

Arthur H. Samuelson ("The Dilemma of American Jewry," p. 359) did most of his interviewing on the impact of the Sadat visit on American Jewish leadership prior to the PLO's vicious act of terrorism against the beleaguered Israelis. Undoubtedly, if he had seen his subjects in the aftermath of the attack, Israel's retaliatory move into Lebanon and the U.N. resolution calling for Israel's withdrawal, some of his sources, even those who chose for conflict-of-loyalty reasons to remain anonymous, might have silenced themselves, waiting to speak on a day when Israel seemed less isolated, its political position less precarious, its grief less public.

And yet, spoken or unspoken, the conflict within the American Jewish community over Carter administration policy toward Israel, Israeli policy on the settlements, Resolution 242, the Arab refugees and the establishment of a Palestinian state, is real, deep and unresolved. It perhaps signifies the seriousness of Israel's predicament that many of the most concerned American Jews are unwilling to say for home consumption what they were quite willing to share with the Begin government, and the Israeli press. Larry Tisch, for example, a major force in the American Jewish philanthropic community, declined to grant our correspondent an interview, only to turn up criticizing Begin in harsh terms (calling his settlements policy "idiotic") in *Ha'aretz*, the Israeli daily. Although the First Amendment guarantees the right to silence, in the long run, we submit, such compartmentalized and geographically strategic reticence runs counter to its marketplace-of-ideas spirit.

We live in a time when "private governments"—businesses, universities, religious or cultural associations—have as much to say about our day-to-day lives as our common government. Elsewhere in this issue ("Prisoners of Benevolence," p. 370) Ira Glasser traces the way in which students in school, the poor in public housing, the sick in mental hospitals, the aged in nursing homes, and the young in foster-care institutions are all enmeshed against their will in institutions designed to benefit them. Glasser shows that the intrusion of power on liberty comes in many guises, including even that of the well-intentioned caseworker. His persuasive recommendation: a Bill of Rights for social programs, to restore the balance between individual liberties and social needs.

Andrew Silk's observation ("Robert Sobukwe's Legacy," p. 368) that the late Robert Sobukwe and Steve Biko may prove to have been the last leaders of black South Africa who found it necessary to move their people by subjecting themselves to white wrath, suggests that our own notions of due process may now begin to play a more visible role with the South African centers of black resistance.

Given the drubbings our Bill of Rights has taken in recent times, it is comforting to contemplate (but probably too much to expect) that simultaneously Jewish leaders in America, black resisters in South Africa, and the poor, the sick, the young and the aged in our service institutions will rediscover its underlying virtues.

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France Changes No Horses

What Enrico Berlinguer, the Italian Communist Party leader, said about the kidnapping of Aldo Moro—that it was "part of a long-term assault on . . . democracy" has a certain applicability to the behavior of the French Communists in the recent election in France. There was much more than that, of course, to the victory of the conservative coalition which uneasily governs France, but the "breaking" tactics of the Communists clearly rubbed off on the Socialists and ended the chance that the Left coalition would win in the second round of voting, as all the polls had said they would.

The aftermath on the Left will bring more snapping at each other by the Socialists and Communists than mutual licking of wounds. It is hard, however, to believe that the Communists' snarls against their "partners" will convince many that Mitterrand's Socialists are to blame for the defeat. There is undoubtedly a majority in France that is for change and reform at least as far leftward as Mitterrand took his platform. But that majority shrinks radically, so to speak, when it observes the hardness of line and tactics of Marchais's C.P.

The behavior of the Communists during the week between the election's two rounds seemed almost calculated to do the maximum damage to the Left's chances at the polls. The party organ, *L'Humanité*, in that critical period exceeded itself in shrill polemics against its "allies," not its adversaries. For one example, it devoted most of a whole issue to a vitriolic attack on Pierre Mendès-France, an eminence on the non-Communist Left. If, in fact, the Communists wanted a victory, they wanted it, as has happened so often before in the history of the European Left, only on their own broadly unacceptable terms.

It was the Socialists, first of all, who would not accept the shifting, stiffening line pursued by the C.P. as it jockeyed for the unattainable lead position in the coalition. Marchais wanted a commitment from Mitterrand on Cabinet posts and this the Socialist leader flatly refused to give him. After the first vote, when it was clear that the Left's road would be all uphill, Mitterrand limited himself to a vague statement that Cabinet posts would be given out in a way that would reflect the will of the people. (This was not, as *Time* magazine reported in its March 27th issue, a "promise to allocate ministerial posts in proportion to the votes polled by each leftist party [giving] the Communists half the Cabinet seats.")

There has always been much more stability and continuity beneath the roiled surface of French politics than a glance at it would suggest. But the prospects for the revival of the coalition Mitterrand had laboriously pulled together cannot be called brilliant. The Presidential elections are three years off. France faces economic and social problems of serious dimensions which the rightist-centrist governing group, fractured almost as badly as the Left, has shown little disposition to face. In sheer numbers, undistorted by gerrymandered districts that give the Right what looks like a comfortable parliamentary majority, the Left was only 400,000 ballots out of 26 million short of winning the popular vote. President Giscard d'Estaing and his fretful collaborators have nothing like a mandate. They must try to govern a nation nearly half of whose voters have shown that they favor sharp, if not exactly radical, change. "One cannot govern comfortably with one half of the country against the other half," as the editor of *Le Monde*, Jacques Fauvet, wrote on March 14.

There will be just as much discomfort in the ranks of the opposition on the Left and, in the light of the behavior of the Communists right to the end, it is hard to imagine how a broad-based coalition for genuine social progress in France can soon be put together again.

ITT, Equal Justice and Chile

On the very last day it was legally possible to do so the Department of Justice has brought charges of lying and obstructing justice against two officials of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. One day more and the statute of limitations would have barred the prosecutions. We are told that one reason why it took so long to bring these subordinate ITT men to book was that innumerable pages of classified CIA records had to be ploughed through in order to make the cases against them.

The CIA connection is, of course, the vital one. It is known and thoroughly established that ITT, a giant American corporation with large interests in Chile, operated in the closest cahoots with the Central Intelligence Agency to prevent Salvador Allende from ever taking the office he had won in a free election. The two ITT men, whose names are hardly worth recording (Gerrity and Berrellez), are now at last charged with repeatedly lying to a Senate committee when they denied that they had done anything to try to stop Allende from assuming the Presidency in 1970.

The striking thing about this legal action is the omission of two names—one of an individual and the other of an organization. The missing person in this case is Harold Geneen, chairman of the board of ITT, and the missing organization (not that it could be indicted under the law) is the CIA. In the latter case, everyone must remember that the then head of the CIA, Richard Helms, who knew all about the dirty work in Chile, pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor charge for his lying to Congress on the same matter and got off with a small fine.

About Geneen, whose veracity in this affair must be extraordinarily suspect, the Justice Department is quite defensive. Announcing the charges against the two subordinates, Acting Deputy Atty. Gen. Benjamin Civiletti bridled at a reporter's question about why the generals in ITT were not being prosecuted along with the corporate privates. "The law," declared Civiletti, "doesn't depend on whether someone is senior or junior. It depends on the facts." Facts provable in court is what he must have meant, and we are asked to take it on faith that the government tried hard, and failed, to make a case against the maximum leader of ITT.

Perhaps Geneen had the protection, enjoyed also by Helms, of being able to expose the secrets of "national security" if he was forced into the dock. This blackmail power, in effect, is the best sort of protection

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against the fair administration of justice in cases involving dirty work at the crossroads, especially if the intersections are abroad. Henry Kissinger as wiretapper is clothed in an almost impenetrable suit of this kind of armor.

One can hope that justice will be done in the cases of Gerrity and Berrellez and their operations in what used to be the Chilean democracy. The charges against them suggest that they rehearsed with the CIA their scheme of lying to the Senate. That agency can hardly be further tarnished for its role in Chile, and now we are told that it is reformed and will sin no more. But the public will have to be forgiven if it notes once again that the Nixons, Geneens and Helmses of this world are judged by standards of law utterly different from those applied to their subordinates. "Equal justice under the law," the motto on every federal courthouse, remains more hope than reality.

The CIA--Again

It was, apparently, Adm. Stansfield Turner's original intention as director of the CIA to alter public impressions of the agency. We were to learn to think of it as a research organization, like the Bell Laboratories or the National Institutes of Health, rather than as a bureaucracy run amok. By now, the Admiral must wish that he had undertaken a more modest assignment—something like convincing the Congress that giant carriers are worth their weight in cost overruns. The news about and from the CIA suggests that it remains a national disaster.

First, there was the Admiral's personal campaign to take over control of the nation's entire intelligence apparatus. For a time, the CIA's primary antagonist was not the KGB but the Department of Defense. Then came his decision to fire some hundreds of senior officials. Stung by the nation's alleged ingratitude, they promptly threatened to tell all. Frank Snepp's book on the CIA in Vietnam confirmed our worst suspicions about the agency's arrogance, brutality and lying incompetence. The agency decided to have Snepp prosecuted, making it clear that it regards questions of constitutional propriety irrelevant or worse. Now William Colby has been heard from, explaining that he was dismissed as CIA director because he thought he had an obligation to be minimally truthful with the Congress. We also learn that the CIA penetrated American black organizations, but that those of its officers who knew of this illegal intrusion obliged the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence by remaining silent. As one CIA source said to Seymour Hersh of *The New York Times*, these were adversary proceedings.

The stream of outrages from the CIA, then, shows no sign of diminishing to a trickle. On the contrary, it threatens to swell to a torrent. The latest news entails the reckless endangering of the Soviet Jewish dissidents, and beyond them, of Soviet dissent as a whole. The KGB arrested Anatoly Shcharansky, a Jewish dissident spokesman, a year ago. In June, he was charged with treason, punishable by death, for alleged ties to the CIA. President Carter then denied that Shcharansky had any relationship with the CIA. The agency, however, has now acknowledged that it had connections with Dr. Sanya Lipavsky, the person with whom Shcharansky shared an apartment. Lipavsky has indeed denounced Shcharansky and his associates, and presumably will testify at the trial. American correspondents in Moscow, wise after the event, now take the view that Lipavsky was a KGB agent—instructed to approach both them and the CIA in Moscow, to discredit the Jewish dissidents, the Western press and our Embassy. The President, one hopes, has been told the truth about Shcharansky by the CIA—but neither he nor we can be sure.

No more effective instrument to discredit the dissidents can be found than the CIA. The CIA officers at our Moscow Embassy who recruited Lipavsky behaved, in the circumstances, with an unusual degree of cretinism. Lipavsky, who was a medical examiner at the office which licensed bus and taxi drivers in Moscow, claimed inside knowledge of the Soviet scientific program. Our own elite, these days, has begun a subtle whitewash of the KGB. The CIA views its colleagues as fellow professionals, who may also suffer from the interference of politicians and the incomprehension of their public. The KGB's director, Yuri Andropov, has been depicted as a bon vivant, a cultivated connoisseur of avant-garde art, and a man who thinks about the liberalization of the regime. Andropov must indeed like avant-garde art a great deal, since he prefers to reserve it for himself and not have it shown in public. As for the liberalization of the regime, his efforts of thought must be too exhausting for mere practical expression. In any event, one can hardly imagine the KGB, either in its baggy-trousered older model or in its more Italianate newer one, taking seriously an "informant" like Lipavsky.

Bureaucratic momentum goes a long way. The CIA is incapable of staying out of anything that comes to its attention. I recently sued the agency in Federal District Court for opening a letter to a colleague at Moscow State University (a letter dealing with an international scholarly conference on religion, which promptly found its way to the CIA's files). At the trial, a CIA official testified that the agency kept a watch on the university, on Americans studying in the USSR, and on Soviet citizens who might (or might not) be dissident. With economy, indeed elegance, he verified Soviet official paranoia about international exchanges—and about dissent. (I am now in possession of a court-ordered letter of apology from Admiral Turner—as well as a brief filed subsequently by the Department of Justice, declaring that no such letter should have been ordered.)

Continuing failure of the executive branch to discipline the CIA makes it an impediment to an effective foreign policy—as well as a continuing danger to our own liberties and those of other nations. The case for the abolition of the agency, and the distribution of its tasks amongst other departments, is stronger than ever. In the meantime, the Congressional committees charged with intelligence oversight should be heard from. Senator Moynihan, who sits on the Senate committee, has been outspoken in Shcharansky's defense. Will he now assist the Soviet dissidents against the embrace of the CIA—which many of them have publicly spurned?

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

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a piece of mine *Monocle* published—explaining in the accompanying note that the office expenses of processing the piece exceeded what he had planned to pay me for it.

"May I ask how much the check is for?" I asked Navasky's slave.

"Three dollars," she said.

The next time I ran into one of the panelists, I apologized for having involved him in a project that had paid him only three dollars. "Whadaya mean three?" he said. "I got two." Navasky had obviously given me an extra dollar for the organizing and editing.

A few weeks later, Navasky said he wanted me to run similar discussions as a regular monthly feature of *Monocle*.

"Well, it's steady," I said. "A person would know that he's got his thirty-six dollars coming in every year, rain or shine, and he could build his free lance on that."

Monocle folded before I could pry another three dollars from Navasky, but then, only twelve or thirteen years later, I read that he had been made the editor of *The Nation*. Naturally, I tried to remember what sort of editor he had been at *Monocle* as a way of figuring out what he might do at *The Nation*. I do remember him as a humane editor: When I referred to the anonymous author of *Cue*'s capsule film reviews as "the fellow with one leg shorter than the other who's always calling movies 'uneven,'" Navasky said that *Monocle* would not permit ridicule of a person's affliction—even an anonymous person who did not happen to suffer from the affliction in question. He was exacting: When I suggested changing the front-page headline of a parody edition of the *New York Post* to "COLD SNAP HITS OUR TOWN; JEWS, NEGROES SUFFER MOST," he refused merely because there was no story inside the paper to go with it.

I thought about Navasky's career at *Monocle* for a while, and then sat down to write him a letter of congratulations. It said, in its entirety, "Does money owed writers from *Monocle* carry over?" □

THE SCHLESINGER PROBLEM

SEN. JAMES ABOUREZK

President Carter, along with virtually all media commentators, has defined energy as the number-one problem facing the United States. They have declared a national energy policy to be the administration's most important legislative goal. On the surface, fears arising from the lack of a national policy on energy are well founded. We are paying $46 billion each year to import oil, giving us terrific balance of payment headaches, and depressing the value of the dollar. The price of domestic oil, coal and natural gas continues to rise, and spills over to inflate the price of housing, food and all other goods. We are more aware than ever that one day fossil fuels will be available only at the highest prices to the very few.

Given these factors, it was natural that a new President would choose to make the establishment of a policy on energy his top priority. Carter approached his work with a combination of sincerity and dedication which should have worked. His objectives were important, but somewhere along the way, the entire program went sour.

I believe the major reason for the souring of Carter's noble effort lies in his appointment of James Schlesinger as Secretary of the Department of Energy.

Early on, Mr. Schlesinger convinced the President that the only way to conserve energy was to raise prices. For political reasons, that would be done by increasing taxes on oil and gas and increasing profits to oil companies. Rationing by price, as Schlesinger's approach has been called, sounds good in theory; that is, if you, yourself, are affluent and feel that cutting consumption of oil is properly the responsibility of the lower-income working stiffs of this country.

Sen. James Abourezk is junior Senator from South Dakota.

The problem with pricing petroleum too high is that only the public is asked to sacrifice, but not the oil industry, and certainly not corporate executives or high-level bureaucrats. Since 1945, government policy has driven the country in one direction—toward the use of more oil. Housing policy has put large segments of the population in the suburbs, where at least one and sometimes two cars per family are essential. Not one word of criticism was uttered as the highway lobby and its allies virtually paved the countryside in order to sell more cars and more gasoline. Nobody yet knows how many mass-transit systems General Motors bought up and destroyed, but when they tore up the trolley lines in Los Angeles, they created the single largest local car market in the world.

The narrow economic determinism Schlesinger shares with every other successful Washington bureaucrat prevents him from considering how intentionally our dependency on individual automobiles and all-electric homes was created—and how thoroughly it was built into everything we do. The elitist in Schlesinger prevents him from considering how unfair it is to exploit that reliance by raising fuel prices.

James Schlesinger's appointment as Energy Secretary also exemplifies the concept of careerism in government. While it's usually reserved for lower-grade civil service employees, tenure in public office also has been achieved by a few upper-level people in Washington. Elliot Richardson is one of these. James Schlesinger is another.

Having sold the President on an energy program that is disappearing before his very eyes, Schlesinger's primary objective now is to preserve himself and his career

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by delivering a package—irrespective of content—so that he and the President can claim a political victory. It would be no victory for those 200 million-plus Americans who are being asked to pay the bill, but the oil and gas industry would be content with it, along with the Secretary of Energy.

Mr. Schlesinger's anxiety for a political, rather than a substantive, victory is evident in his new position on natural gas pricing. The $1.75 per thousand cubic-foot price in Carter's natural gas bill was a political price, bearing no relation to the cost of producing gas, or to any reasonable incentives to increase production. The price simply represented Schlesinger's idea of what would tempt producers and bring intrastate prices under the jurisdiction of the regulatory agency.

Even that was not well thought out. No provision was made, for example, to insure that any gas sold within Texas could be allocated to high-priority users in other, nonproducing states. Thus Mr. Schlesinger was willing to pay a great deal for the illusion of control over intrastate gas. Here again, elitism has its advantages, since the Secretary has been betting chips which belong to someone else—the public.

The fact that the administration has moved from last year's threat to veto deregulation of natural gas to Mr. Schlesinger's current willingness, or rather anxiety, to take *anything* the energy conferees can agree upon is proof of the ultimate bankruptcy of the energy policy proposal.

Schlesinger has recently argued, with supporting documents, that failure of the conference committee to report out a gas-pricing bill would be more expensive to the public than operating under existing regulations. How, one might ask, can $1.45 per Mcf, the current price, cost the public more than $1.85 per Mcf (as proposed in the legislation), with total deregulation in five years or so? Although Mr. Schlesinger does not explain it, the answer lies in the present law, which gives Schlesinger authority to allow gas producers to sell at prices higher than $1.45. His argument is thus irrefutable: if Congress doesn't give the industry higher prices, then James Schlesinger will do so.

Renault, Sacramento Bee

"This Is Absolutely My Last Balloon, Unless You're Willing to Pay More, of Course."

President Carter has, unfortunately, accepted passage of the pending energy bill as the measure of his success during the 95th Congress. There may still be some chance that the President will realize just how much of a turkey his energy advisers have served up to him. If he does, he would best serve the public by abandoning it and initiating a strong and fair energy conservation program that could win Congressional approval quickly enough to meet the main condition the President has set for judging his own success. □

THE DILEMMA OF AMERICAN JEWRY

ARTHUR H. SAMUELSON

The American Jewish community has been confused and made tense by President Sadat's sudden and dramatic journey to Jerusalem, followed by Prime Minister Begin's decision to proceed with settlements in the disputed territories, and the subsequent clashes between the Israeli and American Governments over his insistence that United Nations Resolution 242 does not apply to the West Bank. Carter's proposal to sell supersonic jets to Israel's enemies has temporarily remobilized the community; the recent PLO attack on civilians in Tel Aviv and Israel's retaliation in Lebanon may have unified it. But, the uneasiness that became manifest in the weeks after Sadat's visit, bringing with it the fear of a rupture in American-Israeli relations, remains and promises to sharpen.

Speaking with Jewish leaders during the past month, I found that many had become privately alarmed over the hard-line positions taken by the Israeli Government in response to Sadat's peace initiative. Along with many Israelis, they question the wisdom of establishing new settlements in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, just

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at the time when these territories have become the subject of difficult negotiations. They have looked with great anxiety at public-opinion polls which reveal that, for the first time in the history of the Arab-Israeli conflict, Americans believe that Egypt is more sincere in its desire for peace than Israel. They hesitate to express themselves publicly in the United States, lest their words should further damage Israel's already-weakened position. Some have quietly warned Israeli officials of the damage done by policies that many Americans believe were designed to anger the Egyptians and embarrass the Carter administration. In a time of increasingly stiff American-Israeli relations, many Jewish leaders wonder what role they should play. There is friction as to who is entitled to speak for American Jewry, and what they should be permitted to say. Talking with me, Jewish leaders expressed their concerns in terms that rarely reach the American public or its Jewish segment.

Until recently, American Jews had little difficulty explaining and defending Israeli policy to the larger American public because American and Israeli interests were widely perceived as compatible. The last major trial by fire came in 1956, when Israel took part in the Anglo-French Suez campaign and the Eisenhower-Dulles administration threatened to eliminate the United Jewish Appeal's tax-deductible status and to enforce sanctions against Israel if it did not withdraw from occupied Sinai. At that time, many Jews in this country who were active on behalf of the Jewish state felt themselves caught between their responsibilities as American citizens and as supporters of Israel. Few Jewish leaders want to be caught in the middle again. As the hour of a new American-Israeli showdown draws near, they are struggling to define a role that will allow them to influence both Carter and Begin toward positions that will prevent a head-on collision. There is as yet, however, no agreement as to how that might be done.

Thus far, the American Jewish Committee and the American Jewish Congress have avoided any public position on the settlements issue. Publicly, their general line has been to blame the stalemate in the negotiations on the Egyptians, "who do not want to negotiate a settlement but want to dictate the terms of surrender," as an official of one of these organizations put it. But privately, staff members told me that their leaders have notified Israeli officials of their concern for Israel's eroding position in the United States. "When looking for signs of discontent in the Jewish community with a specific Israeli policy or action," advises one highly placed official, "a good rule to follow is to look for silence, not public statements." The fear is that such statements would only make it easier for the administration to pressure Israel, and the feeling is that the Israelis are more receptive to private representations.

But most Jewish leaders are uncertain whether they have any right to an independent position on Israeli policy, believing that the country's needs must be defined by its own citizens. A staff member of one organization explains:

> There is a central irony in Jewish life whereby Menachem Begin will make a claim to the West Bank in the name of the Jewish people, but American Jews will be reluctant to take a stand on Israel's right to the West Bank because they believe that only those who are willing to pay the price with their own blood have the right to hold an opinion. Basically, the American Jewish community takes an advertising-agency approach. An agency never tells its client that its product is dangerous; it only asks that the client package the product a bit differently, so as to be able to sell it better. In our strategy meetings, most of my colleagues have been unwilling to say, "We will not sell this policy to the American people because we think it is not in Israel's interest." Instead, with only a few exceptions, they say, "We are going to have a hard time selling this policy because we do not believe it will work, but it is Israel's policy and we have the duty to support it no matter what."

Most Jewish leaders, however, feel no inhibition in telling the Begin government of their fears for Israel's reputation in the United States. One leader told me that, on the eve of a visit to Israel, he was urged by Israeli Embassy officials who shared his assessment of the damage being done, to bring his concerns before key members of Israel's governing coalition. *Ha'aretz*, the Israeli daily that has editorialized against the settlements policy, has told its public that such prominent Jews as historian Barbara Tuchman and novelist Elie Wiesel, well respected for their support of Israel's cause, are unhappy with the direction that Begin's policy has been taking. Yoel Marcus, the paper's Washington correspondent, recently interviewed Larry Tisch, president of Loews hotel and theatre group, and one of those who contribute more than $500,000 a year to the United Jewish Appeal. Marcus reports this interview as being representative of the feelings of most of the UJA leaders he spoke with in late February. Mr. Tisch was unavailable for comment when I phoned to record his opinions for *The Nation*. Excerpts follow from his *Ha'aretz* interview:

> There never was such an idiotic approach taken by an Israeli Government toward the settlements in the occupied territories. The Jews will always support Israel, even when they do not agree with her, but the American public is a different story. The average American lives between the hours of 6 and 7 P.M., between Cronkite and Chancellor, and he only knows that Sadat wants peace and Israel wants settlements in the territories. Begin does not seem to understand what is happening here. The administration wants a deal in the Middle East and the weak link in the deal is Israel because the Arabs have oil, markets and petrodollars. The Western world is leaning heavily in favor of the Arabs and the administration is listening carefully to what Japan, Germany and France are saying. The administration hopes to remove Israel from all of the occupied territories; Begin is wrong if he thinks he can do whatever he wants as if nothing has happened here.
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> Certainly, the administration is using the settlements issue to pressure Israel, but that is no reason for Israel to play into the administration's hands and give it the rope to hang her with. The only thing that Israel has to offer is the justness of her cause. American Jews can influence American public opinion only when they can prove they are fighting for a just cause. We can fight for border adjustments or a fair settlement, but when Israel

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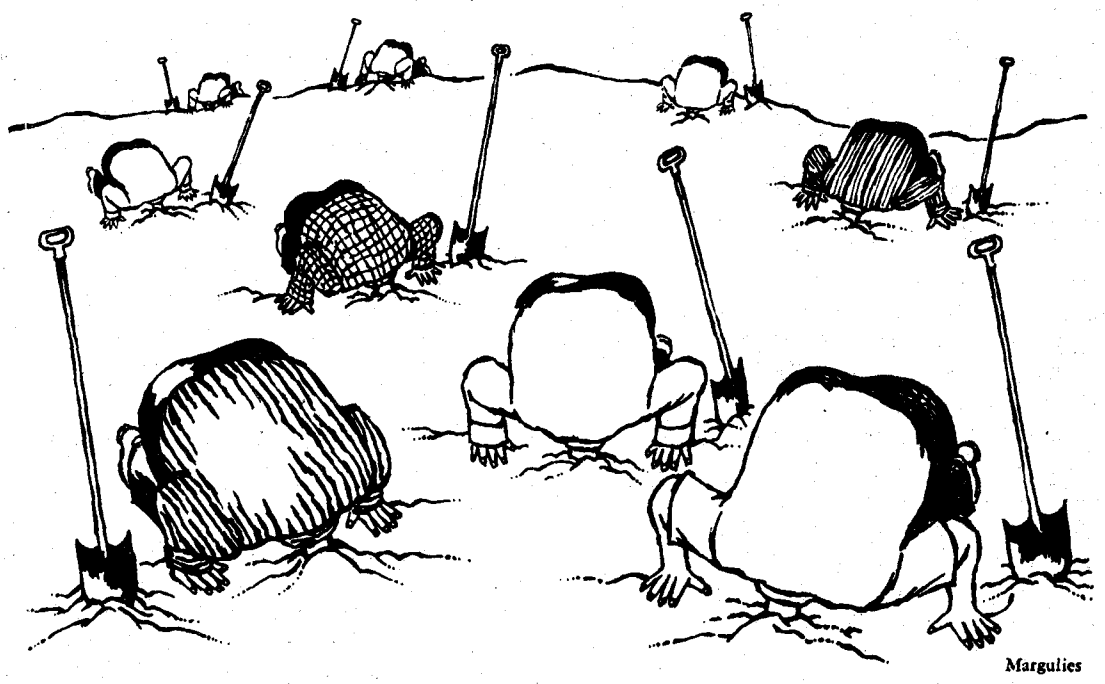
is wrong, we lose our power. If Begin insists on pressing the settlements issue, he will lose every last American. There is no justification for his position and Carter would not have dared propose the arms deal to Congress without the backdrop of the settlements. [The arms deal included sales to Egypt and Saudi Arabia as well as Israel.]

Rabbi Alexander Schindler, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations, an umbrella group embodying thirty-two Jewish organizations, has also told the Israelis he is disturbed by the state of Israel's image in the United States. Addressing the political committee of the World Zionist Congress in Jerusalem in late February, he reported that Israel had suffered a major setback in its battle for public support in the United States. Israel's image has become "untruthful, conniving" Schindler said, opening a "credibility gap" in the United States. On the other hand, he noted, the American public "by and large" accepted Sadat's messages: that Egypt gave much and received almost nothing in return, that Egypt took "the high road to peace" while Israel "quibbled over peripheral issues," and that Egypt was on the verge of giving up hope and "chucking in" its entire peace initiative. According to Schindler, Israel's sagging image in the United States was due partly to the cumulative effect of the State Department's assertions that Israel's settlements in the occupied territories were "illegal," and to the "double standard" the U.S. news media applied to Israel and the Arabs.

While American-Jewish newspapers and periodicals reflect little of the disquiet among Jews over Israeli policy, the *Jerusalem Post* has carried letters from U.S. Jews expressing indignation at that policy. One letter read: "Your statesmen have always contended that Israel's deepest wish is to be accepted in dignity and peace by its Arab neighbors. Judging from Begin's statements, it now appears that what Israel wants far more fervently than peace is to re-create what he considers to be the heyday of Israel's Biblical period, plus a few pieces of the Sinai for good measure." He hastened to add, lest he be misunderstood, that "I am not an American New Left-type Jew who has always been against Israeli policy (and even existence) on ideological grounds. I have almost always supported Israel's policies in the past, feel culturally, historically and emotionally linked to Israel, and deeply want Israel to survive and prosper."

Little of this sort of reaction has thus far been heard in this country, but a few U.S. Jews are tiring of private representations and communications and are beginning to speak out. They are usually intellectuals who do not depend on the Jewish community for either their livelihood or their reputation. One who has spoken out recently is the literary and social critic, Irving Howe, author of the best-selling history of American Jewish immigrant life, *World of Our Fathers*. Howe has stood up for Israel in the past, and is not reluctant to express his criticisms of Israeli policy now. When I interviewed him recently for *Politicks*, he said:

> I think that the Israeli position on the settlements is absolutely indefensible. Except for those people who have received word from heaven that Judea and Samaria belong to the Jews—and with such people it is impossible to argue—supporters of Israel have to recognize that if there is to be peace in the Middle East, sooner or later—and with all kinds of cautions and qualifications—Israeli domination of the West Bank has to end. That means that the Israeli Government has to give up the idea that it has a right to the domination of the West Bank, let alone to sovereignty over the West Bank. . . . As far as the settlements themselves are concerned, I do not think there is any objection to having Jewish settlements in Arab countries any more than there is objection to having Arabs within Israel, but that's a different issue. Clearly, Begin and his friends do not think of settlements in the West Bank



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Settlements

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as a Jewish enclave in an Arab society. As long as there is ambiguity on the part of the Israelis, there cannot be peace in the Middle East.

As is the case with almost all ethnic minorities, no one central agency represents the American Jewry, and that fact contributes to the present confusion and rancor as to who is entitled to convey "Jewish opinion" to the government and the public at large. However, the body often regarded by the press as authoritative is the Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations. Established after the Suez war by American-Jewish leaders with the encouragement of Israeli officials who sought an efficient way to manage Israel's information campaign in the United States, the conference is not a policy-making body but a coordinating council. Uniting the largest Jewish organizations—from the religiously and politically most conservative to the most liberal—it is an unwieldy body. Since its chairman is not elected (the position is rotated annually among member groups), he is required to communicate consensus to the outside world. From Israel's point of view, the conference provides a single platform from which its officials may speak to American Jewish leaders. From the Jewish point of view, it provides a means for coming to decisions on how Israel's case should be presented to American officials and the public. It also provides Jewish leaders with a forum at which to speak their minds to the Israelis.

But it is not expected, nor is it equipped, to determine which Israeli policies American Jews should support and this has made some of its member groups, usually those strongly advocating one position or another, dissatisfied with its circumscribed role. As one leader, known for his dovish proclivities put it:

> We American Jews have no real political strategy of our own when it comes to Israeli-American relations. The Presidents' Conference does not deal with substantive political issues, only with public relations difficulties which arise in defending Israeli policy. The conference has never gone to President Carter and said, we believe this and this as Americans and this is the policy we would like you to pursue. Instead, it acts like a third-rate messenger boy for the Israeli Embassy, only providing the Israeli reaction to events, never proposing alternatives. Schindler spends most of his time trying to convince the Israelis that Carter is not so bad and the Americans that Begin is not so bad. It is hard to take such a role seriously.

Another Jewish leader pointed to an article in which *The New York Times* reported that Schindler had called the paper to complain that National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski was urging Carter to place pressure on Israel to give up the occupied territories. "To influence the administration," he said, "you have to have some credibility, and to be credible you have to be independent. Why should Carter or anyone listen to Schindler when they can get it straight from the Israeli Embassy?"

The issue of independence from Israel's policies became heated in February when it was learned that the Conference of Presidents was not prepared to accept President Sadat's offer to meet with them during his visit to Washington. In a statement explaining the decision, it was said that such a meeting might be misinterpreted to suggest that the Jewish community was "seeking to take part in these [Egyptian-Israeli] negotiations." One organization after another denounced Sadat's invitation and his "Open Letter" in the *Miami Herald* (January 29,) calling upon American Jews to support his peace efforts. They accused him of attempting to weaken Jewish support for Israel. Alexander Schindler welcomed Sadat "as a man of peace," but cautioned that "peace can only come if the parties that fought the wars sit together and negotiate in a spirit of good will and compromise. It can neither be imposed by outside powers nor arranged through intermediaries. We have no role in such negotiations as a Jewish community."

Schindler had visited Sadat in Cairo a month earlier, when the peace talks were still flourishing, but when the talks broke down, he was asked by Israeli officials not to lend a hand to Sadat's attempt to blame Israel for the collapse by meeting him in Washington. Chaim Herzog, Israeli Ambassador to the United Nations, expressed his country's position at an Israel Bonds dinner on February 4: "In our negotiations with Egypt, we will succeed only if we are strong as a united people, only if the Jews of America and the rest of the world stand with Israel without compromise. For the first time in history," he said, "an Arab leader is going over the head of Israel to negotiate with the Jewish public." He predicted that the Egyptian leader would not succeed in dividing American Jews and that eventually he would have to return to the business of negotiating with Israel.

But while the Conference of Presidents adhered to the Israeli request, a number of prominent American Jews, some of whom are leading members of the Conference of Presidents, decided that they would in fact attend such a meeting. The group included Phillip Klutznick, a 70-year-old real estate man from Chicago, who recently succeeded Dr. Nahum Goldmann as president of the World Jewish Congress. Under Goldmann, an Israeli citizen, the Congress had maintained an independent position on Israeli Goverment policy. Goldmann, who often angered Israeli officials with his outspokenly dovish criticism of their foreign policy, was invited to meet Egyptian President Nasser in 1970, but was refused permission to travel to Egypt by then-Prime Minister Golda Meir. In much the same language as Begin's government uses today, she insisted that Nasser's invitation, regarded by some as a critical breakthrough, was a ploy to divide the Jewish world from Israel and that only Israeli officials had a role to play in negotiating any settlement.

Known to share some of Goldmann's dovish views, Klutznick was a signer of the 1976 Brookings Institution report, "Toward Peace in the Middle East," in which Brzezinski had a major hand. Few were surprised, though many were dismayed, when Klutznick did not adhere to the Conference of Presidents' decision that Jewish leaders should stay away from Sadat. He said: "President Sadat has come here as a guest of the President of the United States on a mission that is vital

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to the whole world—peace in the Middle East. If he invites me as an American Jew to meet him, I would consider it demeaning not to accept the invitation."

To calls for his resignation from leaders of the Zionist Organization of America and the Religious Zionists of America (counterparts of the present governing coalitions in Israel) and from members of the American section of the World Jewish Congress, Klutznick replied that he had accepted the invitation in his private capacity and not as the leader of a Jewish organization. In a *Jerusalem Post* interview he answered those who had charged him with "dividing" American Jewry:

> As a former officeholder under United States Presidents [Klutznick had been a federal housing administrator under Roosevelt and Truman, and was appointed by Eisenhower and Kennedy to the U.S. delegation to the United Nations], I appreciate that one can influence thinking but one cannot initiate it. I am not interested in substituting for the duly elected officials of Israel. . . . Upon assuming my duties as president of the World Jewish Congress, I have accepted limitations on my freedom of expression. Though obliged to be inhibited, I will fight like hell for my principles. And I won't be stopped from seeing people. I intend to go on meeting my coffee-drinking friend Ghorbal [Egyptian Ambassador to the United States] whenever I damn well feel like it, as well as the Romanians and other Eastern bloc diplomats who cultivate my acquaintance.

While recognizing the need for Jewish solidarity, Klutznick told the Israeli paper that "it is a vain hope to have unity in the Diaspora if Israel is not united. I have found considerable debate in Israel. . . ."

While Sadat's invitation caused some confusion as to the political role that American Jews should take in the pursuit of peace, the Synagogue Council of America (SCA), the umbrella organization for the rabbinical and congregational bodies of the three branches of American Judaism, has taken advantage of the opening provided by Sadat to initiate a long-anticipated Muslim-Jewish religious dialogue, akin to the ecumenical movement that has brought Jews and Christians closer together around the world. A beginning was made when the Synagogue Council's executive director, Rabbi Henry Siegman, invited Egyptian Ambassador Ashraf Ghorbal to address a council meeting on December 7. Thereafter the Synagogue Council was invited to meet with Muslim scholars and Sadat in Cairo. It accepted, but when Israeli-Egyptian negotiations had been suspended, it found itself under fire from the Conference of Presidents and from some of its own Orthodox constituent groups. After an initial postponement—"We did not want to be seen arriving in Cairo as the Israelis were leaving," explains Siegman—the meeting in Cairo took place in February. The trip produced plans for a Jewish-Muslim meeting to be held under the auspices of Cairo University later this year, and Siegman reports that the president of the university offered to invite Jewish scholars from America, and possibly Israel, to teach Judaic studies as visiting professors at his university. The Egyptians also agreed to allow scholars to collect and catalogue the archival material and historic treasures of Egypt's millennium-old Jewish community.

Siegman has a firm answer for those who say the SCA has unwittingly aided Sadat's public relations drive: "The kind of relationship that we set out to build cannot possibly hurt Israel. Through religious and cultural dialogue, we are trying to build the infrastructure on which a lasting peace settlement can be built. Religion is supposed to bring people together and the Muslim-Jewish dialogue we began must continue, regardless of the state of the political negotiations." Siegman concedes that "open dialogue was impossible before Sadat went to Israel, because the Egyptians were not willing"; but, he adds, "we would not have been able to move so quickly when the time was right if we had not established prior personal contacts. Regardless of the political situation in the Middle East, we are determined that the religious dialogue will go on."

Throughout February and March, as relations between the United States and Israel became colder, one sensed a growing frustration on the part of some Jewish leaders because the system of private communications was not working. In early February, a delegation representing the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, the American Jewish Committee, the American Jewish Congress, the Anti-Defamation League and the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council met to discuss how best to inform visiting Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan of their assessment of the damage being done Israel's cause by the planting of new settlements in the Sinai and the West Bank. Expecting to confer with Dayan privately, they found to their dismay when they arrived that the press had also been invited. In response to a question, Dayan said with some bitterness that his concern was not for public relations but for Israeli lives, "I have more respect for settlers from Gush Emunim in the West Bank than I do for Israelis who leave to settle in Canada, or for American Zionists who stay in New York," he told his visitors. "*We* were the American Zionists he was talking about," says one of them, with some embarrassment. Later, a small delegation managed to meet privately with Dayan, but they did not emerge with any great hope that he would heed their advice. "Yes, we have regular channels of communication with the Israelis, but we have little conviction that the message gets through," reports one man who was at the Dayan meeting.

One of those most depressed by the "advertising-agency" approach is Rabbi Balfour Brickner, co-director of the Social Action Commission of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations: "There is a basic schizophrenia in American Jewry. We hide behind the argument that it is not for us to speak our minds, because the Israelis have to pay the price, but I think that is precisely why we have to speak out when we spot trouble —to save Jewish lives." He asks:

> Why is it that Israeli schoolchildren can write an open letter to Begin, saying his policy raises doubts in their minds as to Israel's sincerity for peace; and why is it that 300 veteran officers can publish an advertisement in the Israeli press, saying that if Begin

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persists on the settlements issue they will have to draw conclusions as to the justness of Israel's cause; and Defense Minister Ezer Weizman can threaten to resign if work on the settlements is not terminated immediately—why, in that case, do I get called a traitor if I say the same thing? The Israelis have answers for everything, but they never have any solutions. What we need is for several big givers to the UJA to threaten to stop contributing if Israel does not retreat from its suicidal position. That is the only language the Israelis understand.

Recently, the *Jewish Post and Opinion*, one of the most independent of American Jewish publications, editorialized in a similiar vein:

> If what the polls show is true, that a drastic drop in Israel's position in public opinion has occurred, then we are reaping the harvest of the role adopted by the American Jewish leadership which considers opposition to any Israeli actions as treason. Had U.S. Jewish leaders spoken up on the question of the new settlements in the occupied territories and had they reflected what we believe are the feelings of the average American Jew, Israel might not be in danger of losing the confidence of American popular opinion. The lesson is that we serve Israel best when we are honest with her, honest in our praise, honest in our criticism. It is treason when we refuse to speak up, not treason when we differ.

On February 23, when Elie Ben-Elissar, Begin's chief aide, told a meeting of the Conference of Presidents that Israel had no intention of surrendering control of the West Bank and that his government did not regard U.N. Resolution 242 as being relevant to the West Bank, it became clear for the first time to a majority of Jewish leaders that the head-on collision they had hoped to avoid was about to happen. American Jews, therefore, would have to decide whether or not to support this new interpretation of the U.N. resolution, for Israel was not going to back down. Elissar's candid remarks left Jewish leaders in shock.

As one Jewish official confided, "Our interpretation of U.N. 242 is the same as that of the United States Government and of the former Labor governments of Israel. If Begin insists on his interpretation of U.N. 242, then I am afraid we will have to come out of the closet to oppose him." His organization, like most of the Jewish groups in the United States that are not aligned to the parties of the Likud coalition, has for years trumpeted the importance of U.N. 242 as being the one international document that requires the Arabs to make peace with Israel. As long as such an undertaking was not offered by the Arab side, the resolution's balancing provision that Israel withdraw from the occupied territories did not require much discussion. Most Jewish leaders could live with Golda Meir and Yitzhak Rabin's interpretation that Israel would make withdrawals from all three fronts, holding on only to those areas vital to its security.

Begin had walked out of Golda Meir's national unity government in 1970 when U.N. 242 was accepted as the basis for negotiations with Egypt. Upon his election, he dispatched his close adviser, Shmuel Katz, to Washington to assure leaders there that the new Likud government intended to abide by all international agreements, including U.N. 242, signed by former governments. Initially fearful lest Begin, the hawk of hawks, should force a confrontation with the United States because of his promise to the electorate that "the West Bank would never be returned to foreign rule," Jewish leaders in this country were pleased and reassured by Begin's subsequent moderation and generosity in the peace negotiations with Egypt.

But if Israel now shows itself really determined to hold on to the West Bank for nationalist and religious reasons, it will probably encounter difficulties in the American Jewish community. There are, of course, many in that community who are willing to back whatever Begin attempts to do in the West Bank. But even some of Israel's staunchest defenders are finding it hard to give Begin's policies their unqualified support. "I am in favor of the Labor Party's interpretation of U.N. 242," says Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*. "When it is an issue of security," he predicts, "then most Jews will leave it up to the Israelis to decide what is best for them and how much territory they need to remain secure, but if it is a matter of ideology—that the West Bank belongs to Israel through Biblical prophecy—then there will be disagreements."

Seymour Martin Lipset, professor of sociology at Stanford University and president of the American Professors for Peace in the Middle East, says:

> If Begin and his government insist on this new interpretation of U.N. 242, it will mean the end of the negotiations. The Arabs will not accept Begin's interpretation and the United States will stick to its own interpretation. I do not think Carter can do very much to get Israel to agree to it, other than take the position, which he has already taken, that Israel is wrong. The basic decision has to be made within Israel. There is the beginning of an opposition within Israel on this issue and should the United States be seen as a source of strong pressure, it will hold up this conflict. I would think there is a majority in the Knesset which disagrees with Begin on U.N. Resolution 242 and my personal hope is that Begin will be forced to resign.

Lipset, who was co-author of an important article in last November's issue of *Commentary* which claimed that, should Carter pressure Israel, the polls show he would lose public support, is no longer so sure. "That was before Sadat. Now we have a different ball game."

The editor of an important Zionist magazine says:

> I am in a quandary and a dilemma. It is pretty clear to me that Begin is more interested in territory than peace. I cannot accept Begin's claim to the West Bank, but I do not feel I have the right to speak out against Israel in this country. And what do I need to do that for anyway? Carter will do it all for me by pressuring Begin and I can show my support for his policy by not saying anything at all. I predict that you will see a lot of sudden apathy among Jews if there is a confrontation between Carter and Begin over the West Bank.

Leonard Fein, editor of *Moment*, a Jewish monthly published in Boston, is not so sure:

> Carter could split the Jewish community, but it de-

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pends on how the issue is presented. I have no confidence that the administration will be clever enough to make the confrontation with Israel appear to be over an issue of sovereignty, not security. If the administration is really clever, however, it could fracture the community and outmaneuver Israel entirely. It would have to spell out in considerable detail the security guarantees that it would offer in exchange for Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank—in other words, pressure Israel by giving something, not taking something away. But I do not think this will happen.

Few Jewish leaders doubt, however, that Carter is going to try to divide the community. "It is not Begin who has been pushing the issue of U.N. 242 but someone else," protests Rabbi Schindler in an interview.

Frustrated by Begin's refusal to desist from placing settlements in occupied territory, Carter appears to have chosen the issue of U.N. 242 to focus international and Jewish attention on Israel's desire for peace or territory. "My impression," writes Yoel Marcus in *Ha'aretz* "is that the administration is trying both to divide and convince the Jewish community of the soundness of its position. Primarily, it wants to learn, once and for all, the strength of Jewish power."

The issue is not one of power, as much as of cohesiveness and inner strength. If Jewish leaders doubt the wisdom of a particular Israeli policy, they rarely communicate it to their own membership. One is struck by the fact that many rank-and-file Jews are well versed on the relative merits of the military hardware Israel is requesting at the moment, but few are attuned to the range of discussion and debate taking place at the American Jewish leadership level, as well as in Israel. Many American Jews, even in the ranks of the established American Jewish leadership, feel that more discussion and debate is essential if they are to serve the real interests of both Israel and America. As Israeli-American relations deteriorate, one wonders whether any constructive role is possible for American Jewry in the absence of such an open dialogue within their own community. □

RHODESIA'S 'INTERNAL SETTLEMENT'

IAN SMITH TIMES IT RIGHT

DANIEL I. FINE

If Ian Smith had not been a white Rhodesian, confined to the marginal politics of decolonization in black Africa, the world might have come to respect his copious political skill as, say, a Conservative British Minister of State. Historians would then have had much more than several tactical successes against various British leaders with which to put Smith in a perspective broader than the provincialism of Rhodesian politics. This much, however, is certain: Smith of Rhodesia last winter demonstrated once more his global sense of diplomatic timing and initiative, the very qualities his allies in South Africa utterly lack.

It has been Smith's sense of when and with whom to play the game of African colonial politics that has enabled him to stay in the running despite a seemingly dreadful hand. Thus, when it became apparent that the diplomacy of Ambassador Andrew Young and British Foreign Secretary David Owen (the Anglo-American settlement proposal) denied a dominant transitional role for the white Rhodesian minority, Smith devised a shrewd counterstrategy. Three conditions were required for its success: (*1*) undivided support from the white Rhodesian community; (*2*) recognition by Britain and the United States that he was able to compromise and to negotiate "their" *external* settlement in good faith; (*3*) an opportune moment to introduce his alternative, an *internal* settlement with the African nationalists without guns.

Smith was assured of the first condition when his party (Rhodesian Front) quashed a challenge from ultra-Right defectors in a general election last August. Now Smith had an overwhelming mandate to pursue an internal settlement. If he had any doubts about South Africa, Pretoria promptly erased them by announcing that it would back an election in Rhodesia to determine which of the African nationalists had majority support from the African people. Such an election has been the primary demand of Bishop Muzorewa ever since the abortive Geneva Conference on Rhodesia in late 1976. Unlike Muzorewa, the Patriotic Front, headed in uneasy tandem by Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, perceives itself at an electoral disadvantage, because it operates from outside the country and is heavily organized around armed struggle. Muzorewa insists that his group not only has far more popular support inside Rhodesia than does the Patriotic Front but that it is support which can be mobilized into votes. For Smith, the electoral process can establish the legitimacy for the internal settlement in world opinion. However unpleasant, it is going to be exceedingly difficult for the Organization of African Unity (OAU) to withhold recognition if Muzorewa and his colleagues in Salisbury with whom Smith had made the deal can offer evidence that they acted with the consent of the African governed.

Smith never seemed quite to dismiss the Young-Owen effort, and Washington and London believed that talk

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of an internal settlement was unrealistic in the extreme. Indeed Smith's behavior seemed much more reasonable than the Patriotic Front's attitude of rejectionist militancy. With the attention of Young-Owen diplomacy concentrated almost exclusively on the problems raised by the Patriotic Front, Smith was able to establish the second condition without difficulty. And the third condition, the moment to negotiate the internal settlement, arrived when the Front ultimately insisted upon nothing less than a direct takeover of power (no elections) and the Front Line African states (those most intimately concerned with Rhodesia's future) divided on the issue. With Tanzania reportedly tilting toward an electoral decision and Zambia standing firm behind the Patriotic Front's demands for an immediate transfer of power, Smith dramatically opened negotiations with Muzorewa, Sithole and Chirau on African majority rule in Rhodesia.

During the last three months of these negotiations, Smith authorized a major military attack by Rhodesian forces against the guerrilla camps of the Patriotic Front in Mozambique. The ferocity of the blow, he no doubt believed, would encourage the African "internal" leaders to accept greater concessions to white minority interests with less fear of future reprisals. Moreover, the military operation was intended to remind the United States and Britain that Rhodesia was far from collapse in the field. The British were indeed impressed: David Owen was quick to warn the Patriotic Front that this evidence of Rhodesian military power should dispose it to reconsider earlier objections to the Anglo-American settlement proposal. While the outrage of Mugabe and Nkomo was predictable, the furious response of President Kaunda of Zambia nearly shattered Front Line support for Owen-Young diplomacy, and the "handover" position thereafter found an exponent in Lusaka.

Was Ian Smith's timing of the internal settlement negotiations last December influenced by his observation of how Sadat's initiative had caught by surprise the Western powers that were pushing their Geneva diplomacy for a settlement in the Middle East? Why not a southern African version of this boldness, to unshackle himself from the Anglo-American framework? From the beginning of those negotiations, Smith made it clear that he was interested in changing previous images. His decision to parley with the "internals" was implemented in a new style, as he demonstrated by sitting under the chairmanship of an African at the beginning of the talks. Thus a Jerusalem-Salisbury analogy: to negotiate only with "internal" African nationalists (moderates) suggests the Israeli position on negotiations with some Arabs (Egyptians) but not with all (Palestinian-PLO).

Although Smith has cleverly coordinated his Rhodesian strategy with the most favorable circumstances in the international political system, this does not mean that the internal settlement will necessarily succeed. Because the United States must decide what is "internationally acceptable" as a solution to the Rhodesian question, Smith has presented the Carter administration with a dilemma. Can it ignore in southern Africa what it has been pursuing as long-term strategy in the Middle East? Just as the Arab "externals" (PLO and Syria, Jordan, Iraq) must eventually be brought into any agreement between Israel and Egypt, so too must the Rhodesia "externals" (Patriotic Front, Mozambique, Zambia, Botswana, Angola, Tanzania) agree to recognize any settlement between the "internals" and Smith.

Thus if Rhodesia is to become Zimbabwe, in fact as well as in rhetoric, an African regional settlement and nonexclusionary participation are required. For example, an internal settlement which Mozambique cannot support is unthinkable. A principal, although indirect, economic victim of the war in Rhodesia, Mozambique provides base sanctuary and logistical support to the armed forces of the Patriotic Front. Not surprisingly, Bishop Muzorewa has bitterly criticized this support, asserting that President Machel of Mozambique is meddling, even dominating, the politics of African independence in Rhodesia. For Mozambique, already under some constraint because of its economic dependence on South Africa, the prospect of another multiracial, southern African "Kenya" is not pleasant. The example of Tanzanian-Kenyan economic relations suggests that it is difficult, if not impossible, for two contiguous African countries to pursue widely divergent policies of development (Socialist versus market) and at the same time to establish the most advantageous conditions of regional economic integration.

Yet Mozambique has made a considerable effort to separate its foreign (African regional) economic policy from its domestic objective of Socialist development. Confronted with serious food shortages, which followed the collapse of the colonial economy during the process of independence, it waited nearly a year before closing its border with Rhodesia. Its current food deficit prompted the Carter administration to argue (unsuccessfully) before a Congressional subcommittee in February that Mozambique receive Public Law 480 food relief. Since the main reason for Mozambique's reluctance to close its Rhodesian border after independence was that Salisbury is an exporter of maize, that universal African staple, it is quite possible that President Machel will approach the internal settlement with an attitude of restraint, much as the Mozambique attitude toward South Africa has been shaped by practical needs of balance of payments and foreign exchange.

The other option for Mozambique is to maintain intact its relations with the major guerrilla forces, and that could have very broad international consequences. Without Nkomo and thus as ZIPA (Zimbabwe People's Army), or with him as the Patriotic Front, these forces are likely to continue to struggle for unconditional majority rule in Zimbabwe. Although China had supported ZIPA (ZANU earlier), the influence of Peking is waning, and the Soviet-Cuban capacity to deliver will be hard for the Mozambique-based guerrillas to resist. In that case, the Zimbabwe created by Smith and Muzorewa would begin a major military buildup to defeat them. This would doubtlessly involve larger and more sustained search-and-destroy operations inside Mozambique than Rhodesia has so far initiated. Even the limited scale and duration of these raids, however,

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are deeply resented throughout Africa; in Mozambique they are believed to have South African support. In these circumstances, both Mozambique and the Zimbabwe guerrillas might decide to acquire effective and sophisticated defensive arms from the Soviet Union, with Cuba assuming operational responsibility, as in Angola and recently on the East African Horn. At that point, South Africa could be expected to resume direct military support to a multiracial ally in Rhodesia/Zimbabwe. Such intervention from Pretoria would transform the conflict from a guerrilla war with limited external arms supply and almost nonexistent foreign participation to an internationalized war, with Soviet-Cuban counterintervention approaching the Ethiopian model at worst, Angolan at best.

Whatever course of action Mozambique adopts, the internal settlement must ultimately become nonexclusionary (the direction of British diplomacy since the signing) before peace in the short term and stability in the long term can be established in the region. Unless this inclusive process begins soon, the settlement will remain fatally weak from the narrowness of its African participation, though there remains the possibility that Nkomo will abandon the Patriotic Front. According to Muzorewa representatives in Nairobi, Nkomo was always attached to Lonrho, the controversial British-African multinational corporation with extensive interests in Rhodesia. This linkage, together with his late and superficial conversion to armed struggle, suggests that he is a practical nationalist politician with more than one option. If Nkomo should decide to participate in the internal settlement, President Kaunda, his staunch ally and personal friend, would no doubt align Zambia behind the new Rhodesia/Zimbabwe. Moreover, Zambia could be decisive in the OAU debate over recognition and membership, the critical test for international recognition and the termination of United Nations sanctions against Rhodesia.

U.S. policy did not take Smith's internal settlement seriously. Perhaps following the British approach of "letting Smithie try," the Carter government found itself off balance as it waited for Muzorewa to clash with Smith. The State Department was confident that Muzorewa would not sign an agreement, that indeed the Bishop was merely using the Smith negotiations to attract popular African support inside Rhodesia as the spokesman for unconditional black majority rule. The administration has been slow to respond to the agreement. For one week, until President Carter's press conference on March 9, the administration maintained adamantine public silence (except for Andrew Young's initial call for Patriotic Front participation) on the Salisbury agreement. Indeed this attests to the surprise and perhaps shock that Smith and Muzorewa have caused in Washington. Almost overnight the assumption has emerged that the Anglo-American setlement proposals have been superseded by events and local initiatives. Too late to dissuade Smith, the administration is now faced with the difficult task of inserting the Patriotic Front into the internal settlement framework. That is the reason for President Carter's proposal of a second Geneva-type conference on Rhodesia, and Foreign Secretary Owen's supportive decision to avoid a U.N. Security Council debate after Muzorewa and Sithole were prevented from speaking by African members. Thus once again Britain and the United States *react* to Ian Smith.

Smith has discovered that between a white or a black Rhodesia, there is another choice. Multiracialism could win international acceptability and even Western support against "Communist and terrorist" dangers (the Patriotic Front). With twenty-eight of 100 legislative seats (enough for a blocking veto in behalf of white minority interests), with dual citizenship for most whites, with pensions and property protected by an independent judiciary, Smith can now turn to matters of external recognition and alliances. He has pushed white Rhodesia into a multiracial future without minority rule and thus perhaps through the threshold of Western community tolerance. Yet, to the dismay of planners in Washington, such biracialism allows the USSR and Cuba to monopolize the authentically black solutions in black Africa.

The administration, according to long-range thinking in the National Security Council, has adopted an optimistic general view that the Soviet Union cannot sustain permanent influence anywhere in the Third World, even though it remains highly effective as a source of arms. This is expressed in Young's axiom: "After the fighting ends and trading begins, we win." Although a notable advance over doctrinaire global responses to Soviet initiatives, this outlook encourages inertness in the policy process toward the strategies of white minority regimes. If the Soviet Union cannot permanently win in the Third World, then Washington cannot permanently lose in Africa—with or without Ian Smith's internal settlement.

Yet if Smith's internal settlement takes hold and South Africa associates its national interest with a defense of multiracialism in Rhodesia, Pretoria will be under far less pressure to meet the political demands of its own black majority. And with its armed forces in Rhodesia (this time assisting white and black against black), South Africa would no doubt become more intractable on Namibia. A South African military presence in Namibia to support the anti-government UNITA in Angola is consistent with such a role in Rhodesia—where, indeed, it would be more legitimate because invited by a multiracial government.

Although the administration has been disappointed with the response of the Soviet Union on the issue of arms to Ethiopia, Smith pursued eleven weeks of high-risk exclusionary negotiations while Washington and London looked on. The final product defies regional stability and exploits profound divisions among the African nationalists. If the third massive Soviet air- and sea-lift operation to Africa within two years is in the offing for southern Africa, African opinion will blame it on the internal settlement. If this, too, becomes part of the East-West crisis agenda, by which "linkages" to other goals are threatened, then despite a Mondale face to the future, the administration's African policy might indeed be backing up, willy-nilly, into a Kissingerian past. □

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ROBERT SOBUKWE'S LEGACY

ANDREW SILK

Theorists of revolution speak of the moment when the servant stops believing the master, yet does not have the power to overthrow him. To survive from then on, he must understand the master better than the master understands him. With the death, at 53, of the South African leader Robert Sobukwe, just six months after Steve Biko was killed, blacks in that country have lost the two men who did the most to bring them to that moment and give them that understanding.

Sobukwe died of lung cancer during his eighteenth year of government restrictions—six in prison and twelve under "banning orders" which forbade him from leaving the mining town of Kimberly, from being quoted in the press, or from meeting privately with more than one person. The government did not succeed, however, in making him irrelevant. When Sobukwe first stopped trying to become a "black Englishman" in the 1940s as a student at the mission college of Fort Hare, he was dismissed as a racist and a romantic. Yet by 1978 the theory of "black consciousness" which he had put into words had become the central force in black South African society.

While Frantz Fanon of Martinique, Albert Memmi of Tunisia, Aime Cesaire of Senegal studied the worlds of the colonizer and the colonized in the 1940s and 1950s, Sobukwe in South Africa was observing the "good" white —the missionary and the liberal—who wanted the African to develop; and the "bad" white—hard "Boers" who wanted to keep the African in his place.

Although their motives and techniques differed, Sobukwe realized that their effect on African spirit and initiative was similar. Both increased the servant's dependence on the master: the latter through fear, the former by destroying the African's confidence in his own strength and creativity.

The dominant protest organization in those decades of the '40s and '50s was the African National Congress (ANC), a multiracial group similar in outlook to the American NAACP. It was made up largely of the missionary-educated African elite, with white liberals and leftists in influential positions.

Sobukwe's influence on the movement in the 1950s was like that of Malcolm X on the civil rights campaigns of the 1960s. Sobukwe argued that whites must be excluded from the ANC because it was impossible to alter the relationship between whites and blacks within the movement until more progress had been made on the outside. Although isolated from other anti-colonial intellectuals, he reached a similar understanding of the power of indigenous culture, and anticipated the conclusion that black nationalists in America reached ten years later. Reliance on whites, he argued, would discharge the energy which came from the servant recognizing his potential to overthrow his master. In 1958, he wrote:

> Our contention is that the Africans are the only people who, because of their material position, can be interested in the complete overhaul of the present structure of society. We have admitted that there are Europeans who are intellectual converts to the Africans' cause, but because they benefit materially from the present set-up, they cannot completely identify themselves with that cause.

The fight within the ANC which grew between Sobukwe's "Africanists" and the leadership was as bitter as that between integrationists and separatists in America. Meetings ended in brawls and counterattacks until, in 1958, the Africanists withdrew from the ANC and formed the Pan-Africanist Congress (PAC). Whites were barred from membership.

The PAC tried to rid the black man of the servant mentality through identification with other nationalist movements in Africa and through "self-improvement" campaigns. Sobukwe believed that his movement would spread not through tight organization but by a new spirit of black pride that would gather its own momentum. He thought that, given one massive show of strength, a chain reaction would sweep across the country. He predicted that South Africa would be liberated by 1963.

The euphoria of the new movement ended on March 17, 1960, when a PAC protest in the town of Sharpville became a police massacre. Sixty-nine people were killed, a state of emergency was declared, Sobukwe was detained without trial, and both the PAC and the ANC were banned. Over the next few years, the organizations were broken as thousands of activists were imprisoned, exiled, or banished to remote regions of the country. Sobukwe, at 33, was put under the restrictions from which he never escaped.

Steve Biko was 13 when Sobukwe first entered the prison on Robben Island. He came to maturity at a time when knowledge of the liberation movements, then in exile, was scarce and protest was frozen. When it began to stir again in 1966, Biko was studying medicine at the University of Natal. The spirit of white liberalism and interracial harmony that had existed in the old ANC had passed on to the multiracial National Union of South African Students (NUSAS), to which Biko belonged. Like Sobukwe, he found himself in a clash between the black man and the "good white."

The links and parallels between the two leaders are richly drawn by Gail Gerhart in her forthcoming book, *Black Power in South Africa*. As Biko began to urge black students to quit NUSAS, he was able to draw strength from Sobukwe, then in Kimberly, as well as from Fanon, Memmi, Cesaire and their progeny in America—

Andrew Silk, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *met Robert Sobukwe in 1974 while working in Johannesburg on the* Rand Daily Mail.

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Eldridge Cleaver, Stokely Carmichael and other nationalists.

Biko broke with NUSAS in 1968 to found the South African Students Organization. Like PAC, whites were barred from SASO, but membership was open to Indians and those of mixed race who faced "a common oppressor." The philosophy of black consciousness, as Gerhart has shown, was a refinement of Sobukwe's "Africanism." Biko spoke of master-servant relations as a dialectic which, when exposed, would change blackness from a symbol of oppression to a symbol of liberation.

While Sobukwe's own organization foundered in London and Tanzania, Sobukwe remained in Kimberly as a resource for and critic of the new movement. The "black consciousness people," as they became known, visited him quietly, and Sobukwe was able to keep in contact with Biko when he, too, was banned.

Like Sobukwe years earlier, SASO members were attacked as upstarts and racists, and as Sobukwe had fought the integrationists in the ANC, so Biko worked hard to discredit the new black leadership which was cooperating with the government.

Biko learned from, and differed from, the career of the young Sobukwe as he developed his own theory of the revolutionary moment. Whereas the latter had thought that the lifting of the servant mentality would in itself make the master powerless by packing jails and paralyzing the economy, Biko was not anxious for action. He wanted to raise black consciousness first through thought and talk. Thus, for mass action, he substituted leadership-training seminars and black-run community programs. By the 1970s, when the world of the master had become such a threat to the servant, Biko thought it possible for an elite to show a majority how to make itself aware.

However, the great crisis came for Biko, as it had for Sobukwe, when the new thought crystallized into active defiance. When it would have been safer to work in exile or underground with many of their followers, both men knew their strength as liberators of the black spirit depended on their facing fully, without force, the master's most determined efforts to make them obey.

The Soweto uprising of 1976 was for Biko what Sharpville had been for Sobukwe seventeen years earlier. Al-

LETTERS *(Continued from page 354)*

the gag—and it was he who derogated civil servants. Other such part-time writers include Dante, Milton, Wordsworth, Kafka, Melville . . . I don't see D.A. Drury's point.

As for who's funnier, *de gustibus non est disputandum.* Some people prefer Jell-O to apple pie, mud slides to blizzards, O'Nolan to Joyce, and *The Third Policeman* to *At Swim* (as O'Nolan himself did). Those who do will not much like the literary, scholarly, erudite tomfoolery of *At Swim.* Or put it this way: the abilities that permit one to appreciate Nabokov's humor make it difficult to enjoy knock-knock jokes; the spices of *At Swim* spoil the palate for the bland interest of *The Third Policeman.* Or . . . *sed de gustibus.* I'll bet, though, that O'Nolan thought it was funny to die on April 1. *J.D. O'Hara.*

the fed up

Baltimore, Md.

Dare anyone say it? Leslie W. Dunbar's "Coalition of the Fed Up" [editorial, *The Nation,* Mar. 18] will achieve little or no success in their struggles, short of a revolution of their own.

"Liberals will still usually give lip service to whatever blacks want, but that's about all." The people who are ". . . fed up with poverty, those fed up with money managers and industrialists free to pursue worldwide the cheapest labor, lowest taxes and least public oversight, and those fed up with the political insanity that has our government merely a satellite in orbit around the Pentagon and the multinationals. We don't seem very close to such a coalition, but Mr. Carter's maunderings may haply drive us to it."

If the President's mistakes, deliberate or not, drive the "fed ups" into a strong association, they should be prepared to take the legislative branch into "court" along with the money managers and all their friends who are very busy making this country "great" for their personal and corporate bank accounts.

In Baltimore we are building a subway system and a convention hall with federal money. There are some government dollars available for jobs for the unemployed, a majority being black; of course that money is in short supply. The story here, as it is elsewhere, is that private industry will take up the slack. But the politicians cannot understand that industry in this country is automated and it has no use for the people who need jobs.

So we return to the beginning, short of a revolution the "fed ups" will get very little assistance from the federal government or any of its close associates. It may well be a brutal and bloody argument before it is settled.

Henry Nordin

'using' the victims

Camas, Wash.

The review of *Genocide in Paraguay* and *Victims of the Miracle* by Prof. Irving Louis Horowitz [*The Nation,* Feb. 18] had what I would refer to as a "detached, abstract quality" similar to what he attributes to the authors of the two books. He would have us believe that political questions should not be raised about South American genocide, and that it is simply a nonpolitical question of "rescuing the Indians." He would take certain groups to task for trying to "use" the Indians for their own political ends.

But is this not what certain anti-Marxist and anti-Soviet groups and individuals have done in the case of the Soviet "dissidents"? Have not the Committee for the Present Danger, columnists like William Buckley and politicians like Reagan, and the leadership of the AFL-CIO used Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, Bukovsky, et al. for "their own ends"? Why should crimes of imperialism be depoliticized while those committed by state power in the Eastern states are politicized?

Professor Horowitz apparently is not willing to face up to the fact that, since both Paraguay and Brazil are firmly in the U.S. orbit and have been for many years, the United States could and would stop the genocide *if it felt that it was in its interests to do so.* Horowitz says that it is a "profound mistake to overestimate U.S. controls on Brazil or Paraguay." By the same token, it is a profound mistake to underestimate them. We cannot do much about the Gulag Archipelago, but we can do something about what happens on the Gran Chaco.

Frank W. Goheen

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though uninvolved in the initial student protest that led to the revolt, Biko's message of black consciousness dominated the resistance. Students spoke constantly of the need to make their parents and all black workers "aware." Speak-easies and beer halls were shut down and burned in Soweto and other townships because, the students said, "liquor makes us slaves." When the violence began to die down, the students turned to SASO and the scores of black consciousness organizations that had stemmed from it. By September 1977, the newspaper, *World*, quoted Dr. Ntatho Motlana, one of Soweto's most prominent citizens: "There is no black leader with any credibility who does not support 'black consciousness.'" Yet in the year that followed the Soweto uprising, Biko himself was subjected to the series of detentions which he never survived. SASO and all its allied groups were banned after his funeral.

Those who knew both men were struck by their profound ability to parry their persecutors' attacks. Sobukwe disarmed jailers, judges and security policemen by his utter control.

"You don't seem stroppy at all," a prison guard once told him. "What got you into trouble?"

"The white man," Sobukwe answered.

"I thought as much. Those liberals, they are always hurting you people."

"No, you don't understand. It was not *a* white man but the white man's laws."

Biko could tie his interrogators in knots. Donald Woods, the South African journalist, recently told of an exchange in court between Biko and the judge:

"You say you believe in confrontation."

"Yes," Biko answered.

"Doesn't confrontation lead to violence?"

"Not necessarily. We are confronting each other now, but I don't think either of us will become violent."

After a little silence, the judge started on a different tack.

"Why do you people call yourselves black? You look brown to me."

Biko struck back immediately: "Why do you people call yourselves white? You look pink to me."

This triumph over the servant's mentality gave both men their inner strength, in and out of prison, and saved them from bitterness. Sobukwe once explained to a visitor that he could not hate whites, since that would make him as dependent as if he were to love them. Whites who had met both men often mistook this calm for moderation.

Robert Sobukwe and Steve Biko may prove to have been the last leaders of black South Africa who find it necessary to move their people by subjecting themselves so openly to white wrath. Sobukwe's death will join that of Biko in helping others reach their own revolutionary moment. It may well be, in fact, that in the centers of black resistance, this process is largely complete. The news from Soweto is that the frenzy of revolt has now been quelled, and the struggle for power has begun in earnest. □

WELFARE vs. LIBERTY

PRISONERS OF BENEVOLENCE

IRA GLASSER

In 18th-century America, "the government" consisted of the political institutions of the state; the individual whose liberty needed protection against those institutions was the citizen. Two hundred years later, "the government" has become much more than the political institutions of the state; it now also includes the social institutions of caring: public schools, mental hospitals, public-housing authorities, developmental centers for the retarded, foster-care agencies for homeless children, nursing homes for the aged, welfare agencies for the poor—all of which deal with the citizen, whose liberty still needs protection.

A common phrase—*social services*—arose to describe these institutions and they came to be widely perceived, especially by political liberals, as entirely humanitarian and benevolent, an undifferentiated and untroublesome *social* extension of humanity's best *individual* instincts. If it was natural—indeed imperative—for individuals to love and provide care for their infant children or those members of their family who had become helpless through age or other natural calamity, why then it was just as natural, and nearly as uncomplicated, for society to love and provide care for those who needed it and could not otherwise get it.

If there were problems with public social services, they were largely problems of money. Liberal society, which is to say caring society, came mostly to believe that the only difficulty with social services was that there weren't enough to go around; the public sector, they argued, was being starved in the midst of private affluence. What was needed, according to the liberals, was more, not less, public intervention.

This undifferentiated view of social services, and the political context in which the struggle to provide social services took place, tended to blind liberals to certain

This article is adapted from Ira Glasser's chapter in Doing Good *(published this month by Pantheon), a work on "The Limits of Benevolence," to which Willard Gaylin, Steven Marcus and David Rothman also contributed chapters. Mr. Glasser is executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union; he began his career with social work for the blind and he has been an editor of* Current.

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unintended consequences of their good works. Because their motives were benevolent, their ends good, and their purpose caring, they failed utterly to resist the impulse toward paternalism, which in another context Bernard Bailyn called "the endlessly propulsive tendency" of power to expand itself and establish *dominion* over people's lives. They eagerly embraced such dominion and persuaded themselves that by doing so they were helping the helpless. Dominion became legitimate: those who managed social services—not infrequently liberals themselves—came to enjoy a degree of discretionary power over their clients that normally only parents are allowed over their children. As a result, they infantilized those they intended to help, and denied them their rights.

Most of the relatively recent public debate over nursing homes has concentrated upon the poor quality of care provided, or upon fiscal fraud. Somewhat obscured has been the quality of life that results from institutional pressures inherent even in "good" nursing homes, when the interests of the home conflict with the interests of the patient. For example, the nursing home may have an interest—a legitimate interest—in getting paid for the services it provides, which should disqualify it from being an impartial protector of the aged person's assets. Nonetheless, nursing homes often control the assets of their patients and manipulate those assets to their own ends and to the detriment of their patients. Similarly, the patient may desire the freedom to come and go, to socialize, to have visitors and activities, to retain privacy, while the home's interests may run more to administrative convenience and order. When such conflicts of interest arise, the nearly parental powers of the nursing home can quickly suffocate the basic rights of individual patients.

As a result, many nursing-home patients find themselves in a desperate position, stripped of power and desolate of dignity. They are, most of them, competent in the eyes of the law. They have not been convicted of any crime, or adjudged insane or a danger to themselves or others. Their rights and freedoms cannot legally be denied through any ad hoc informal decisions by nursing-home officials or even by well-meaning family members.

Yet despite their legal status as free citizens, nursing-home patients share much with children, mental patients, and even prisoners. The control of individual life in nursing homes is pervasive. The elderly person is dependent upon the institution for food, clothing, medical care, recreation, companionship—in short, for all the physical and emotional elements of survival. The home decides whether the patient is capable of receiving mail, or of handling spending money. It decides whether the patient can walk in the neighborhood. It decides who will be allowed to visit the patient and when. It decides whether the patient shall stay or leave.

The discretionary power faced by the aged in nursing homes also has traditionally been faced by residents of other service institutions, such as patients in mental hospitals, or children in foster-care institutions. Such residents also have much in common with soldiers in the army and convicts in prison. In fact, perhaps the best way to appreciate the degree of control in such service institutions is to compare them to the military and to prisons. In each, every detail of an inmate's life is potentially open for scrutiny and inspection. It often begins with the very process of admission:

> . . . taking a life history, photographing, weighing, fingerprinting, assigning numbers, searching, listing personal possessions for storage, undressing, bathing, disinfecting, hair-cutting, issuing institutional clothing, instructing as to rules, and assigning to quarters.
>
> Erving Goffman, *Asylums*

The new arrival is thus "shaped and coded into an object that can be fed into the administrative machinery of the establishment, to be worked on smoothly by routine operations." Afterward, there are various other "abasements, degradations, humiliations and profanations of self": meaningless make-work, denial of sex, forced deference, penalties for self-expression, unfair procedures. The entire process resembles nothing so much as basic training in the military, the purpose of which is concededly to abolish individuality. The reach of the institution extends to the most personal aspects of one's life, and significantly to aspects that are meaningless to anyone else—to dress, to style, to personal appearance and deportment. In the military, the function of such dominion is undisputed: if you can control the personal details of someone's life, if you can impose your institutional will even upon personal appearance, then you can control everything—how he or she thinks, acts, responds to orders. However appropriate such control might be in the military, it is hard to justify within caring institutions.

Nor has this "tissue of constraint" been limited to residential service institutions like nursing homes or mental hospitals. Similar intrusions flowing from similar discretionary powers were also to be found, though to lesser degrees, in the administration of public schools, public housing, and public welfare. For a long while, no one thought to question such intrusions or to limit the discretionary powers of public servants who provide social services to the needy. Violations of individual rights that would have created an instantaneous political and legal clamor had they been committed by the police went unrecognized when they were committed by social-service professionals. Because such professionals were presumed to be acting in "the best interests" of their "clients," no one thought to question the excesses of their power. They were not cops.

In fact, they were more like parents. (How could a parent, looking through a child's belongings, be accused of an illegal search? How could a parent, demanding deference, determining a child's bedtime, telling him what clothes to wear, punishing him for "talking back," or even hitting him, be accused of violating constitutional rights?) In some institutions, service professionals actually and explicitly claimed the legal powers of surrogate parents. In schools, for example, teachers and principals tried to justify their discretionary power over students by the doctrine of *in loco parentis*. Child-care agencies

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literally and legally assumed complete parental powers over their wards. Under certain conditions, so did mental hospitals and nursing homes. Other services, like public housing, often treated their clients like children, even without claiming the legal power of surrogate parents.

And so a tradition grew up. The Bill of Rights existed, but it did not apply to service institutions. It limited the powers of elected representatives, political officials and the police, but it did not limit the powers of high school principals, social workers, housing officials or mental health professionals. Those citizens who lived under the jurisdiction of the service professionals were consequently without rights. Students in school, the poor in public housing, the sick in mental hospitals, the aged in nursing homes, and the young in foster-care institutions all came to resemble one another in a strange and critical way. All were enmeshed against their wills in institutions ostensibly designed to benefit them. All were forced to waive their rights as a condition of receiving benefits. Students were required to go to school for their own benefit, children were sent to reformatories for "rehabilitation," and the erratic and aged were committed to mental "hospitals" to "get well," or to nursing "homes" to receive "care." Welfare fed and clothed the poor, and public housing provided shelter. But individual rights became unthinkable.

For people who needed shelter, the government provided public housing. But admission was denied for reasons such as poor housekeeping, irregular work history, frequent separations of husband and wife, single-parent families, common-law marriages, lack of furniture, apparent mental retardation, dishonorable discharge from the military, or the arrest of one's child. These standards were not the result of ad hoc decisions by unfair individuals; they were actually written down as the legal regulations of public-housing authorities, and they gave housing officials unprecedented discretion—the early Americans would have called it *dominion*—over other people's lives. Private troubles became a reason for public punishment.

For people who needed money, the government provided welfare. But eligibility standards depended on morality. Every detail of a recipient's life was subject to scrutiny. Women were allowed different numbers of sanitary napkins each month, and men different numbers of razor blades, depending on whether they were employed or not. The same consideration governed the number of times one could have one's coat cleaned. There were no allowances for newspapers, and telephones were considered a luxury, even for the blind. A single woman with preschool, dependent children could have her children's benefits revoked if she were found to be sleeping with a man, and midnight raids by caseworkers became a common method of discovering such behavior. The aboltion of privacy became a condition of survival.

These violations were not explicitly anticipated by those who wrote our Constitution and its Bill of Rights. Dependence upon the institutions of caring establishes —for millions of people—a condition of fragility against encroachments of power, and benevolence is the mask that hides it. It is not that benevolence is itself mischievous or cynically to be regarded with mistrust. It is not benevolence we should abandon but rather the naive faith that benevolence can mitigate the mischievousness of power so feared by those who wrote our Bill of Rights. We have traditionally been seduced into supposing that because they represented charity, service professionals could speak for the best interests of their clients. By now we should know better. Power is the natural antagonist of liberty, even if those who exercise power are filled with good intentions. Just as the liberty interests of the governed cannot be the concern of their governors, so the liberty interests of the needy cannot be the concern of their benefactors. They both mean to govern well, *but they mean to govern.*

We know who the cops are; we should at last know who the service professionals are: not the guardians of their clients' liberty.

In the words of Steven Marcus, "We can degrade people by caring for them, and we can degrade them by not caring for them." Our task is to identify and implement a set of principles that will continue to permit social programs of caring, but that will sharply limit their unintended, and often disastrous, consequences. In this respect, we can welcome social programs of caring, but at the same time recognize their dangers and seek to limit them, much as the early Americans welcomed a powerful democratic government, but feared its excesses and sought to limit them.

The principles to be observed in social programs are:

¶ *The Bill of Rights applies to social institutions of caring and limits the powers of those institutions and their employees over the lives of the dependent.*

¶ *Enforcement of constitutional limits is not self-executing and therefore requires an external force.*

¶ *Every program designed to help the dependent ought to be evaluated, not on the basis of the good it might do but rather on the basis of the harm it might do. Those programs ought to be adopted that seem to be the least likely to make things worse.*

These three principles would only restore the balance between individual rights and social needs that was part of the American colonists' original intentions. No one ever suggested that the Constitution was an instrument of governmental neglect. Indeed, our history describes a steady expansion of government powers and social programs, often at the expense of individual rights. Therefore, the basic safeguards set forth above cannot reasonably be opposed on the ground that they might breed neglect. Certainly, they leave ample room for government power to fulfill its ostensible obligations. What they do not permit is the excessive zeal that often accompanies government power, whether well intentioned or not. What they provide is minimal protection for individual rights. Therefore, these three principles deserve to be repeated everywhere, and written into all social legislation.

How many times do we have to listen to the Bill of Rights refrain? Well, as André Gide said, "Everything that needs to be said has already been said. But since no one was listening, everything must be said again." And so once more: the midnight knock at the door is always inherent in governmental power. In one century, it comes in the form of a British soldier; in another, a caseworker. The encroachment of power upon liberty has many disguises. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The New Conservatism's Hidden Face

TWO CHEERS FOR CAPITALISM. *By Irving Kristol. Basic Books. 274 pp. $10.*

PHILIP GREEN

In the epilogue to this collection of thirty essays, "When Virtue Loses All Her Loveliness—Some Reflections on Capitalism and the 'Free Society,'" Irving Kristol, at one time or another an editor for *Commentary, Encounter, The Public Interest* and Basic Books, and now also Henry Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University, draws a strikingly familiar image of a capitalism which at one and the same time destroyed the stable social order that preceded it, and produced a kind of human liberation in that act of destruction. The "bourgeois citizen" who emerged from that great act of liberation was in many respects the most creative, the most productive, and the freest citizen of all time. But alas, something went wrong; the bourgeoisie was unable to create a lasting morality. Merit is no longer conferred by hard work; capitalism has lost its early bourgeois virtue, become unlovely and unloved, and is in danger of losing its legitimacy. The men who organize the productive system we all benefit from are somehow unable to justify their position and activities in a believable manner.

But of course that image (repeated in several earlier essays) is familiar. We first encountered it, much more poetically, in *The Communist Manifesto*, in those famous passages in which Marx and Engels describe the glorious but ambiguous accomplishments of the bourgeoisie ("all that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned. . . ."), and predict its loss of legitimacy and inevitable demise. At first we wonder why Kristol has bothered—especially as we notice that, in the Marxian context, his neoconservative denunciation of most recent attempts at liberal reform, scattered throughout this collection in various essays, seems equally unoriginal. After all, Socialists and other radical critics of capitalist society have claimed for more than a century that the piecemeal reform of capitalism is ultimately incompatible with the system's effective functioning, so that a point of diminishing returns and thus crisis must necessarily be reached.

But Kristol is *not* merely repeating the conventional critical wisdom; far from it. On the contrary, like so many ex-Marxists turned conservative, he gives us a version of Marx that is like a reverse negative image, with every element of hope, every element of attachment to self-government and its possibilities, every thought of transcending capitalism's limitations through the united action of people themselves, eliminated. The result is not only a most peculiar kind of social analysis but also a major self-revelation that tells us everything we need to know about the real meaning of what has come to be called today's new conservatism.

In a short space, the only possible way to convey the flavor and significance of Kristol's thought (which is significant because he speaks in so many ways for the currently most prominent group of American intellectuals, who even have their own potential Presidential candidate in Senator Moynihan) is to consider at length a single essay which states his characteristic themes. The most revelatory of them all, perhaps, is one entitled "Utopianism, Ancient and Modern," which begins with the perceptive argument that earlier utopias were meant only as dreams, and as such added to the dignity of human longing. Modern utopias, however, are essentially *insane* expressions of a desire to realize an unrealizable dream on earth. It is in what he does with this initial contrast that we find all of Kristol's motifs coming together, and uncover the hidden face of his political philosophy.

Just how Kristol is going to distinguish *his* natural history of capitalism from Marx's first becomes apparent in the following passage:

> . . . growth and decay are precisely what most offend the utopian cast of mind, for which time is an enemy to be subdued. And this is why the dimension of time is so rigorously excluded from modern city planning—and from modern architecture too, which derives from the same utopian tradition.

In this astonishing twist, the ideas of marginal intellectuals are "credited" with the destructive accomplishments of capitalism itself. History is stood on its head with a vengeance. Reading this prose, with its seductive air of sagacity, one must pause to remember that not Fourier and Le Corbusier but a long line of oligarchs, speculators, and servants of corporate capitalism and the state, from Baron Haussman to Georges Pompidou, are the architects of modern Parisian order; that *La Défense* was put up by Pompidou's real estate cronies, not Daniel Cohn-Bendit; or, to look elsewhere, that Reston, Va. was created to make a corporate profit, not to fulfill a utopian dream. Does Kristol really not know that the planned obsolescence of modern city architecture derives from the imperative of profit and the special-interest nature of tax laws and building codes? It is difficult to believe that this cavalier attitude toward history is not deliberate; and it becomes more difficult as we continue.

> . . . certain identifiable trends of thought (contributed to the emergence of the utopian mode of thought). These trends can be identified as millenarianism, rationalism, and what Professor Hayek calls "scientism." . . . What makes modern millenarianism so powerful—one is tempted to say irresistible—is its association with modern scientific rationalism and modern technology. Scientific rationalism . . . came to mean—it is, indeed, the essential meaning of that period we call the Enlightenment—that existing institutions could be legitimized only by reason. . . .

But again, it is not primarily Enlightenment intellectuals but rather the rise of the capitalist, free-market spirit and the political liberalism associated with it that have produced legitimation through reason, and thus subverted traditional sentiments of loyalty, obligation, and human attachment. Obviously such a change in intellectual temper could not have taken place if the precarious religious unity of the Middle Ages was not breaking down at the same time, but it was circumstances, not merely ideas, that destroyed that unity. Hobbes did not write the *Leviathan* because he was a rationalist contaminated by millenarianism but rather

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because he correctly perceived that the controlled pursuit of domestic economic betterment by individuals would be the surest way to produce social cohesion out of the chaos around him. Somewhat later his insight would be systematized by a rising capitalist bourgeoisie and its philosophers not because they were rationalists but because they were engaged willy-nilly in making a world which had to be rationalized. Later still Max Weber would sum up this whole development by pointing out that the spirit of legitimation through reason, the spirit of hierarchical bureaucracy, and the spirit of profit-pursuing capitalist enterprise, are one and the same. If "rationalism" produced a socially destructive cast of mind, it had some very powerful allies—virtuous capitalism being chief among them.

Kristol is well aware of this; that is why he has only two cheers for capitalism. But yet he can never refrain from attributing the responsibility for our allegedly declining moral condition to the enemies of capitalism, or at best persons marginal to it, rather than to capitalism itself: that is, to intellectuals rather than to entrepreneurs and rulers. In 1848 Marx, to be sure, had still to justify the accomplishments of nascent capitalism against both reactionary conservatives and reactionary utopians: but for what reason is Kristol being so protective of capitalism at this late date, and against whom, and on whose behalf? We are momentarily even more puzzled as we read on:

> Modern conservatism found it necessary to argue what had always been previously assumed by all reasonable men: that institutions which have existed over a long period of time have a reason and a purpose inherent in them, a collective wisdom incarnate in them. . . .

It's not even faintly possible to tell what Kristol hopes to accomplish with this hand-me-down version of Burke. Not capitalism but feudalism and Roman Catholicism hold the track record for sheer longevity in European civilization. If Kristol thinks there was a collective wisdom incarnate in *them*, why does he so laud the bourgeois parvenus who destroyed the power of both of those "institutions"? It begins to seem that "all reasonable men" are simply *any* handful of men who are able to justify the appropriation of power by a minority at one time or another. The German barons no doubt thought their power had a reason and a purpose to it, but the peasants who kept revolting against them did not—perhaps they were not reasonable. But of course it wasn't the peasants who finally destroyed the feudal version of community; it was capitalists and the aggrandizing central state. Modern conservatism, then, should be *anti*-capitalist; should defend, both retrospectively and immediately, the yeomen against the gentry, the Chartists and the Luddites and their descendants against the industrialists and corporate rationalizers, the people of Appalachia against strip miners, the family farm against corporate farming, and so on. But it does none of these things; instead it fronts for the economically powerful. Kristol will attack the rationalist character of rationalizing capitalism, but never its capitalist character: never the way it distributes power, which is to say, the way history is actually made.

Kristol defends his acquiescent posture in the very first essay in this collection, by asserting that the working class in capitalist societies is never really anti-capitalist; only radical intellectuals are. We are to believe that the collective wisdom of the *pro*-capitalist people—who in that wisdom seem oddly to favor a most socially subversive and upstart "tradition"—is under siege from the utopian rationalism of discontented intellectuals. Is Kristol then giving two cheers for capitalism because he is a closet Populist? Well, no:

> Most ordinary people, most of the time, intuitively feel the force of this conservative argument. But these same ordinary people are defenseless intellectually against the articulated and aggressive rationalism of our intellectual class—and this explains why, when modern men do rebel against the unreasonableness of modern rationalism, they are so likely to take refuge in some form of irrationalism. The 20th-century phenomenon of fascism is (such) an expression. . . .

Fascism as a refuge is a conception that certainly tells us something about Kristol's view of the class, "ordinary people"; quite apparently, it does not include the organized working classes of Italy and Germany, fascism's initial victims. But it is the *contempt* for "ordinary people" expressed in the second quoted sentence above that really unmasks "conservatism"; the poor defenseless fools *would be* pro-capitalist most of the time *if only* they weren't so easily victimized by intellectuals; their collective wisdom is apparently of a lesser order than Kristol's intelligence. When people take a wrong turning it is because they are dupes, not because they are driven there by the activities of those ruling groups against whose power many people *are* genuinely defenseless but whose power Kristol refuses ever to challenge seriously.

On the other hand, Kristol adds later on that "the tremendous expansion of government during these past three decades has not obviously made us a happier and more contented people," yet "the response to this state of affairs among our educated classes is to demand still more governmental intervention," whereas "the ordinary people (once again!), whose common world always anchors them more firmly in common sense, are skeptical of such a prescription. . . ." When he wants to uphold his devil theory of radical intellectuals, the people are intellectually hapless, but when he wants to pose as a conservative Populist, their intellects are suddenly firmly resistant to nefarious influence. "The people" aren't people, they're just a malleable tool in his argument, an argument which always avoids coming to grips with social reality. One can't, for example, tell who it is among "the educated classes" that bothers him so much, but on the evidence of his other essays it is his own left-wing students and colleagues: who, if they are anything like my left-wing students and colleagues, far from calling for more "governmental intervention" are calling for very un-utopian forms of decentralization and democratization of government, for more genuinely public control of productive capital, for industrial democracy based in the individual work place, and for self-government based in the community. In other essays Kristol denounces the "New Left" for purveying an anti-capitalist and anti-liberal bias so pervasive that it's destructive of all our institutions, including those of governance. Another self-contradiction: surely it can't be the same critics calling for those very same institutions to engage in more intervention? Is it not rather George Meany he has in mind?

But George Meany also is not just an elitist demanding full-employment policies because Robert Owen's rationalist utopian schemes have been filtered down to him by irresponsible intellectuals. Almost everything capitalist governments do, even today, is *demanded* by some very large number of "ordinary people," often even numbering among them allegedly anti-government conservatives (who want *more* money spent by government on defense, or the police, or control of television, or an aggressive assertion of overseas economic interests). The only visible difference among most people in capitalist societies is, still, not *whether* government should "intervene" but how, and more important, on whose behalf. Farmers, for example, may be

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"skeptical" about the usefulness to them of further advances in the welfare state, but everywhere in the capitalist world they remain extraordinarily credulous about the social virtue of crop price supports.

Moreover, it is not merely logrolling self-interest that has inflated and still inflates the role of the capitalist state, while at the same time undermining its legitimacy. Undoubtedly a majority of people in all the advanced capitalist nations taken together is right now "pro-capitalist" from the standpoint of a committed Marxist, or anarchist, etc., many of them for the very good reason that they perceive a bird in the hand, however lame, to be worth any number in the bush. But are all "ordinary people" attached by the force of real belief (as is Kristol) to the primary institutions of capitalism—the free market for pricing goods, the commodity market in labor, the authoritarian structure of employment, the untrammeled right of corporate property to do what it wishes with itself, and political rule on behalf of corporate wealth? On the contrary, every one of those institutions has been under massive attack from "ordinary people" since the dawn of capitalism itself. Even while accepting capitalism, even sometimes while aggressively defending it in argument, even while scorning alternatives to it and having no intention of pursuing them, millions of people in all capitalist societies work effectively to undermine it, to resist its sway. It is precisely because they've succeeded so well that what Kristol correctly depicts as a crisis of capitalist legitimacy has arisen.

In order to accommodate that resistance, capitalist states have been forced to create reformist institutions and programs that are inconsistent with the productive working of capitalist economy: they have bloated the state, supported endemic inflation, and generated a picture of institutional and moral incoherence that becomes harder and harder to defend. Across Western Europe today, for example, the citadel of hierarchical corporate control of the work place comes more and more under direct attack from "ordinary people" (though it may be Kristol thinks factory workers are beneath even that pale); in their efforts to absorb that attack reformist governments promote policies that make capitalism look less and less like itself; the ferment of disillusionment spreads, even if it often lacks any

AT THE WHARF, YORKTOWN: FOR ALL TRACKS MADE IN SAND

Because this is a July night,
more sunbathers have vanished
than in January, leaving only tracks
like clues traffic-jamming the whole length of beach.

If I were a better liar
I would swear I have come
searching the feet of true direction,
lost while ambling north by south,
sideways by transistor radio,
snatched straight up into sky.

But this beach is no abstraction.
On a real night in October
I walked here, in love again
with love
who wore a green leisure suit
who wore eyes like the ocean
who wore a mouth that told me,
over lobster dinner, how this
was what he'd waited for all of his life.
(Yes, this is what we wait for
all of our lives.)
Afterwards, we dug for augers,
drill-shells that bore into sand
as soon as they're dumped by the ocean,
each packed with one microscopic blot
of poison, barely enough
to put an amoeba to sleep.
Nor are the augers abstractions:
we filled our pockets, took them home,
strung them into necklaces as proof.

How many real days in April
found me here, in love again
with love
who wore cut-offs
who wore eyes that bounced my face
off his prescription lenses,
who wore a mouth that told me,
over cheese-and-cracker lunch,
how he had never known anything like this.
(Each time we have never known
anything like this.)
Afterwards we scooped augers
into our jeans; back home I filled a Mason jar
(augers are useless as ashtrays)
with evidence.

Some parts of these stories
are lies. Fossilized, what will our tracks
prove to archaeologists? Tonight
is a real night in July
and I am here alone
in love again
with love
who wears air
shifting across a million mismatched
shoes. When I address you, Love,
stand in one place until I'm finished—
Who gave you permission to bear
all your faces
into the heart of swept dunes?

Love, I think I am coming to know you
through your infinite directions, your series
of practice drills, perfecting each march
into the heart by training on sand:
no wonder we never hear you come in.

This is what we wait for
all of our lives. Each time
we have never known anything like it.
This digging for augers,
this turn
and return,

these cupped palms aching to be filled.

Paula Rankin

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political direction.

Kristol would have us believe that that ferment (and all anti-capitalist agitation) exists only because it was created by the Left. But *why* do the ideas of a (relatively) impecunious intellectual class dominate (supposedly) the ideas of a business class which has billions of dollars to spend on their behalf, which controls most mass media, and which masks many of its operations in an expensive cloak of secrecy that prevents people from finding out what is actually going on in their lives? Kristol rejects the possibility that the Left's ideas are *better* ideas—he believes neither in the practicality nor the desirability of trying to recapture power from economic and political oligarchs. To the extent, therefore, that "ordinary people" are succumbing to the wrong ideas, he can only be claiming that intellectuals are better at palming off ideas on "defenseless" people than are businessmen and politicians. (Are the latter too "rational?" Really?)

Kristol is an intellectual himself, so what he is *really* saying is that when he thinks of himself he thinks of a man who can peddle snake oil to anyone with an I.Q. lower than his. It begins to appear that the main impetus of *Two Cheers for Capitalism* is nothing more than smugness; what he really wants to do is destroy the influence of those members of his own class who are giving it a bad name, so that people like himself can exercise that influence instead. Reasonable men are after all the best men:

> For more than a century, bourgeois-liberal society *did* have one powerful inner check upon its utopian impulses, and that was the "dismal science" of economic theory. . . . The cornerstone of this theory was the Malthusian hypothesis. . . . This hypothesis was accepted by most thinking men of the 19th century. . . .

Since Kristol apparently reads no one but "Professor Hayek," it should occasion no surprise that he's never read E.P. Thompson's *The Making of the English Working Class* either. There he would have discovered that there were many "thinking men" (it's not clear whether he thinks women think) who *didn't* accept the Malthusian hypothesis —but no, to be a "thinking man" you have to have been a house philosopher for the bourgeoisie, a rationalizer of privilege. For that matter, not only many Americans but Malthus himself did not think his hypothesis would apply here except in a distant future, and God knows what people in Holland or in Sweden thought about it in the 19th century—certainly Kristol doesn't. "History" has by this paragraph become so hopelessly confused with the history of Kristol's favorite ideas that a handful of English ideologues are now transmuted into the whole of "bourgeois-liberal society" everywhere. The last refuge of the class-conscious intellectual is indeed nothing more than a kind of social solipsism: the world consists of him with his *real* ideas, and "ordinary people" with their *manipulated* ideas, incarnate wisdom—anything but the ability to think for themselves (one awaits his praise of their natural rhythm).

The ordinary people, in truth, now turn out to be quite inferior to Kristol himself, incarnate wisdom or no:

> The transformation of the bourgeois citizen into the bourgeois consumer has dissolved *that liberal-individualist* framework which held the utopian impulses of modern society under control. One used to be encouraged to control one's appetites; now one is encouraged to satisfy them without delay.

Here we see that Kristol's continuous falsification of the historical past has a unifying theme: simply to legitimize domination. One "used to be encouraged" indeed! "One" was, as in England, "encouraged" at gunpoint, at bayonet point, in workhouses and sanatoriums, and by the institution of prison and even capital punishment for such offenses as vagrancy, vagabondage and idleness. Bourgeois citizens probably made up less than 5 percent of the population of 18th-century England, and thus can hardly be the ancestor of today's bourgeois consumers there; as in most of Europe, the ancestor of today's bourgeois consumer was a peasant or worker who was "encouraged" to do almost nothing, but rather compelled to "thrift" by either circumstances or the brute force exercised by a ruling class. Even in America, Kristol's bourgeois citizen was always in a minority: and at all times here it has also been poverty, powerlessness, and oppressive force as well (as visited, for example, upon strikers) that have enforced the "control" of "appetite" for millions.

Apparently Kristol's only complaint about that domination is that it wasn't successful enough. The ordinary people once so beloved of Kristol are suddenly a ravening wolf battering at his door—why can't they learn to live within *their* means, just as he presumably lives within his? Kristol may have only two cheers for capitalism but, it turns out, that's more than he has for democracy. The reason he opposes both reformist "governmental intervention" *and* radical prescriptions for self-government is that they're *both* too democratic for him. Ordinary people should stay in their place.

> The modern world, and the crisis of modernity we are now experiencing, was created by ideas and by the passions which these ideas unleashed. To surmount this crisis, *without* destroying the modern world itself, will require new ideas or new versions of old ideas—that will regulate these passions and bring them into a more fruitful and harmonious relation with reality.

It is, of course, a lot easier to regulate those "passions" on Kristol's income than on the income of most ill-controlled ordinary people. But there is a side-benefit to this part of his argument. We now learn that the passion for equality which supposedly only manifests itself in radical intellectuals who are always trying to mislead ordinary people (a viewpoint Kristol expresses at length in another well-known essay from this collection, "About Equality"), is really much more widespread than Kristol is willing to admit when he's denouncing his left-wing peers as "elitists." What else is the passion for consumer affluence, the insistence on living like your economic betters under a pile of debt, but a sublimated or perverted form of a passion for a good deal more of equality of life chances than now exists in most capitalist societies? No, Kristol is no Populist; he's defending the same privileges that conservatives always defend: theirs.

As for the "ideas" that will resuscitate our failing world, who are they to come from, and what are they to be? We know the answer to the first question already—they will come from intellectuals, from people like Kristol: and they will be imposed, somehow or other, on "ordinary people." What is wickedly domineering when allegedly done by radical intellectuals is but respectful of human dignity when done by conservative intellectuals who revere traditions, especially their own.

It would not be fair to ask Kristol *what* those ideas will look like, since that is not his task, but in the very last sentence of the essay he does give us one clue to the direction, or rather the implicit political tendency, of his thought:

> Only such a reformation (of modern utopianism) can bring us back to that condition of sanity, to that confident acceptance of reality, which found expression in Lord Macaulay's

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tart rejoinder to Francis Bacon: "An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia."

At last: the mountain of neoconservative wisdom, of social science in The Public Interest brings forth this mouse of Victorian romanticism. Now, as it happens, Middlesex is the kind of crowded suburb in which many of what Kristol thinks of as the amenities of life are notably absent, and in which only airplanes have an acre to live on. Elsewhere in capitalist societies, the mortgage and tax burdens on individual small holdings mount under speculative pressures; and most available land (especially in the United States) is more and more owned by agribusiness, industry, the military and automobiles. Two hundred years too late, the pre-industrial utopias of Rousseau and Blake, with their peasants meeting under oak trees and Jerusalems in the Midlands, are resurrected as "new ideas." But Kristol knows what he is doing. As long as capitalism, whether declining or somehow rejuvenated, remains in the saddle in industrial societies, then for most people leading a less privileged way of life than Kristol's, Macaulay's vision must remain the only kind of utopia that Kristol admires: a dream. But meanwhile he, we can be sure, has *his* substantial "acre" securely tucked away somewhere.

On only one point, finally, is Kristol consistent: he is always class-conscious. The younger, radical Irving Kristol whom he has autobiographically described in a recent *New York Times Magazine* essay, would have scornfully recognized the Kristol of today as an "all-rightnik." Kristol is still much too bright not to know an all-rightnik when he sees one, if only in the mirror, so he has conceived a subtle disguise: he will wear the mask of tragedy, mourning the time "when virtue loses all her loveliness."

But the result is only flummery. Eulogies to unidentifiable "ordinary people" aside, it is impossible to detect any real concern for the fate of other human beings in these essays, nor is any actual reason given why the decline of capitalism and the gradual creep of egalitarianism should not be considered a blessing rather than a curse. (In "About Equality" Kristol argues that the search for equality is against nature, since a true understanding is that we are naturally subjected to the "tyranny of the bell-shaped curve." But that is uninformed nonsense, such as Kristol often dispenses in his essays: rewards could be distributed along a bell-shaped curve, and yet the difference from the most to the least be a tiny fraction of what it is now in industrial societies.) In the end his "tragic" vision seems to contain nothing larger than the fear that the passion of "ordinary people" to share in society's rewards and powers to the same extent he does will be uncontrollable; and that men like himself and his friends and epigones at *Commentary* and *The Public Interest* and other such places—"experts" by their own assessment, ideological publicists by anyone else's—will be brought down from their present positions of eminence after years devoted to "making it." That is why his cultural critique of capitalism remains steadfastly unpolitical, why he remains uninterested in the real view from the contemporary Left, in workplace democracy, in the dispersion of economic power under democratic community control. That, we see, is what distinguishes Kristol's vision most of all from Marx's: not the world-weary cynicism he parades; not his nostalgia without a dialectic; not his picture of a world inevitably ruled by the ideas of a few rather than the productive actions of many; but rather his immersion in fancily outfitted, yet plain and simple self-interest.

As Marx himself constantly reminds us, the assertion of self-interest is always understandable, and rarely if ever to be condemned out of hand: people have to live the way they live. But to dress up the defense of a besieged class privilege with such an unmerited pretense of scholarship and moral concern as one finds in these essays, is neither lovely, nor virtuous. □

A Very Special Service

CAPTAIN PANTOJA AND THE SPECIAL SERVICE. *By Mario Vargas Llosa. Translated by Gregory Kolovakos and Ronald Christ. Harper and Row. 256 pp. $10.*

LUYS A. DIEZ

Mario Vargas Llosa, universally considered one of the most important novelists writing in Spanish today is also an articulate critic and tireless campaigner for the artist's independence. His successful career has, as a consequence, been punctuated with a good measure of scandal. His first novel, *The Time of the Hero* (Barcelona, 1962) took Spain's literary establishment by storm and brought the new novelist two of that country's most coveted prizes. The kind of accolades that followed the novel's progress through various translations might well be summarized by Alastair Reid's review of its English edition: it makes, he said, "the majority of novels written in our day look shabby and thin by comparison." In Peru, however, the book had a tremendos *succès de scandale*. Three-star generals described the young novelist as a "traitor," "a degenerate" and "a corruptor of Peruvian youth." There was even an auto-da-fé when hundreds of copies of the book were burned in the parade ground of the Colegio Leoncio Prado—an army-run private school Vargas Llosa had once attended and later used as a setting for *The Time of the Hero.*

Luys Diez is at work on a biography of Mario Vargas Llosa.

Undaunted by official disapproval, Vargas Llosa proceeded to write, from France, a second and more ambitious novel, *The Green House* (1966), which depicted his native Peru quite as harshly as his first book had. Experimental techniques such as fragmentation and montage made the novel less accessible and the national reaction was consequently more subdued. Literary acclaim, however, was much greater. The Spanish critics, perhaps to celebrate the fact that their earlier decision had not been a mistake, bestowed upon Vargas Llosa the unusual distinction of a second award. Then, the following year, *The Green House* received the first Rómulo Gallegos Prize—an award to Spanish American fiction handsomely endowed by Venezuelan oil revenues. A new *succès de scandale* exploded at the acceptance ceremony when Vargas Llosa read a speech entitled "Literature Is Fire" which reminded his astonished audience of dignitaries that good novelists are "like vultures who feed and thrive on society's foibles and injustices."

By this time, Vargas Llosa had already espoused the main ideals of the Cuban Revolution and had accepted socialism as the only viable cure for the Latin American disease. But after his third book, *Los Cachorros* (1968), a *nouvelle* now in the process of being translated into English he, along with many other American and European intellectuals, began to reassess their po-

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litical allegiances as a result of the Cuban persecution of the poet Padilla, who had been accused of revisionism. It is hardly likely that a man who had protested the persecution of the Russian writers Yuli Daniel and Andrei D. Sinyavsky, who had marched in London against the war in Vietnam, made common cause with Catalan intellectuals and the Paris 1968 protesters, who had decried the Mexican massacre of students that same year, could keep silent about this new "dogmatic encroachment" on a poet's freedom of expression.

It has been this genuine, although sometimes naive, sense of dedication to libertarian ideals that has brought Vargas Llosa under heavy fire from the vociferous and mostly confused Latin American Left. His position in Peru, vis-à-vis the present military regime, has rapidly deteriorated from the brief period when the colonels seemed dedicated to abolishing centuries of social and economic injustice to his present position of tolerated outcast in a regime which has begun to manipulate the press and cajole intellectuals. Vargas Llosa has become not only the greatest Peruvian writer since César Vallejo but also a world figure sought by distinguished universities (he is at present in Cambridge) and recently elected international president of P.E.N. If nothing else, the Peruvian junta is leery of being identified with Pinochet's Chile or Stroessner's Paraguay.

Captain Pantoja and the Special Service is the fourth of Vargas Llosa's novels to be translated into English. Despite the author's long residence abroad, its context remains decisively Peruvian, both in setting and subject matter. The locale is Iquitos—a seedy provincial backwater that was once an Amazonian boom town. The story involves the antics of a super-efficient quartermaster, Pantaleon Pantoja, entrusted with the creation and stewardship of a roving brothel meant to satisfy the sexual ardor of soldiers at the jungle outposts and to appease the local inhabitants who have been enraged by the frequent rapes of their womenfolk.

It is a secretive and thankless mission which ties the dedicated but naive officer to the unsavory world of prostitutes and pimps. After some false starts, misunderstandings and official setbacks, the "Special Service," as it is euphemistically known, begins operations and, under the enthusiastic direction of Captain Pantoja, it soon becomes an enormous success from the viewpoint of both the highest organizational

MEMORIAL

Here lies a man. And here, a girl. They live
In the kind of artificial life we give

To birds or statues: imagining what they feel,
Or that like birds the dead each had one call,

Repeated, or a gesture that suspends
Their being in a forehead or the hands.

A man comes whistling from a house. The screen
Snaps shut behind him. Though there is no man

And no house, memory sends him to get tools
From a familiar shed, and so he strolls

Through summer shade to work on the family car.
He is my uncle, and fresh home from the war,

With little for me to remember him doing yet.
The clock of the cancer ticks in his body, or not,

Depending if it is there, or waits. The search
Of memory gains and fails like surf: the porch

And trim are painted cream, the shakes are stained.
The shadows could be painted (so little wind

Is blowing there) or stains on the crazy-paving
of the front walk. . . . Or now, the shadows are moving:

Another house, unrelated; a woman says,
Is this your special boy, and the girl says, yes,

Moving her hand in mine. The clock in her, too—
As someone told me a month or two ago,

Months after it finally took her. A public building
Is where the house was: though a surf, unyielding

And sickly, seethes and eddies at the stones
Of the foundation. The dead are made of bronze,

But dying they were like birds with clocklike hearts—
Unthinkable, how much pain the tiny parts

Of even the smallest bird might yet contain.
We become larger than life in how much pain

Our body may encompass . . . all Titans in that,
Or heroic statues. Although there is no heat

Brimming in the fixed, memorial summer, the brows
Of lucid metal sweat a faint warm haze

As I try to think the pain I never saw.
Though there is no pain there, the small birds draw

Together in crowds above the houses, and cry
Over the surf; as if there were a day,

Memorial, marked on the calendar for dread
And pain and loss—although among the dead

Are no hurts, but only emblematic things:
No hospital beds, but a lifting of metal wings.

Robert Pinsky

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standards and the erotic satisfaction of its military clientele.

But a success of this kind, covertly and gingerly sponsored by the army, is bound to backfire on the man in the middle—Captain Pantoja. Trouble comes from all imaginable quarters. His wife deserts him, the media of Iquitos launch a hysterical anti-vice campaign and his own army superiors become increasingly jittery about the smell of scandal raised by the boundless enthusiasm of their model officer.

From this plot synopsis, Vargas Llosa's readers may well surmise that they will confront a humorous, lighthearted novel, a radical departure from his previous works. And, yes, after the labyrinthine structure and somber tone of *Conversation in the Cathedral* which culminates in the novelist's relentless pursuit of "total realism" (as he himself calls it), *Captain Pantoja and the Special Service* seems to indicate the opening of a new narrative phase. Despite this shift in style, the easy and pleasant flow of the novel belies a highly elaborated composition: elliptical constructions, temporal dislocations, spatial shifts and displaced dialogue. Also a second and more bizarre line of events is smoothly intertwined with the main plot. As the novel progresses, the intrusions of this secondary story become more and more prevalent, not only in their frequency but in the way they seem to affect Pantoja's destiny.

Captain Pantoja is also Vargas Llosa's most protean novel. In addition to this double-barreled plot, it contains a wide array of narrative elements: letters from the Captain's wife to her sister, military reports of different types, radio broadcasts. This aggregate of ingredients, fine displays of Peruvian-style camp, serve as "intermediaries" (in the novelist's jargon) between the fictional material and the reader. They cushion the absurdity and tawdriness of it all, creating a better perspective and greater credibility for what is, basically, *commedia buffa.*

When all is said what we have here is not a less good book by a very good writer but a different type of book. And if the coloring has shifted to less somber shades, the moral emphasis remains unchanged. Rather than the old American theme of success turned sour, what Pantoja's ordeal shows us (as in all Vargas Llosa's other novels) is the workings of a social quagmire that arrests any possibility of human completion.

The fact that the Peruvian colonels seemed unconcerned by the biting irony in *Captain Pantoja and the Special Service* was not due to a change of heart toward its author. In the final analysis, Vargas Llosa himself became the butt of the joke. A screen version of the book, co-directed by the novelist himself, was not only banned in Peru but great pressure was brought to bear, through the army brotherhood, on many Latin American countries and Spain to successfully block its release. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Runaways, written, composed and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is an entertainment of benevolent intention (Public Theatre). It purports through song and dance to convey the plight of adolescents who, because of the poverty, brutal ugliness and despair in their parental homes, abandon them. There are thousands of such children in the numerous ghettos of our cities.

Though the show offers a number of attractive features, only a few of them are actually congruent with its theme. There is first of all a large cast of youngsters ranging from 10 to 17, nearly all of them bright-eyed, eager, healthy —well fed! To see them march toward us in a sort of smiling militancy and jovial complaint is a tonic experience—lacking all pathos. As juvenile performers they are to be applauded—certainly not pitied.

There are, furthermore, a few charming numbers: one of them is called *Enterprise*, derisive of our national fetish. Another is called *Where Are the People Who Did "Hair"*? It implies that the protest which animated that show managed only to make its participants successful and rich and no longer on the social battle line. But the barb fails to hit its mark because we are inclined to guess that the evening's "runaways" will in the future also be absorbed by show biz. And, by the way, was *Hair* really such strong stuff?

The staging throughout is well managed. The Douglas W. Schmidt and Woods Mackintosh settings are admirably devised, resembling the run-down gymnasiums of certain city high schools and playgrounds in seedy neighborhoods. The Swados music is utilitarian rather than lyrically or dramatically expressive—it is employed, as in the Japanese and Chinese theatres, as sound to call attention to signal moments.

This brief listing of credits (and debits) hardly goes to the heart of the matter. Even if I had liked more of the numbers than I did, I would still have thought while watching them "too much show!" That was not my reaction to Swados's *Nightclub Cantata,* given at the Top of the Gate on Bleecker Street in January 1977. It was somewhat in the same vein as *Runaways,* but had much greater impact. To begin with, the *Cantata* was based on the writing of such poets as Pablo Neruda, Sylvia Plath, Frank O'Hara, Delmore Schwartz, Muriel Rukeyser, none of it designed to provide clever revue numbers. As I said here at the time, *Nightclub Cantata* was "gritty, brave, somber, and exhilarating withal." The introduction of comic turns did not dissipate its powerful meaning. The evening included a chant written by a former captive of a Nazi concentration camp which ended with "You don't die of anything but death. Suffering is nothing, it doesn't kill you—only death." The effect was sobering and stirring.

Physically bare, *Nightclub Cantata* was crowded onto a tiny café stage with no light effects, no tricky props. It evoked a feeling of stoic courage and joy in a sense of communion among the injured, the oppressed and the indignant.

My attitude toward *Runaways,* it is only fair to say, is undoubtedly a minority one. It should prove popular and might be transferred to Broadway. My reason for going on with this discussion, rather than simply registering a summary opinion, rests on something more than the immediate case.

Runaways has to do, I repeat, with the dreadful condition children find themselves in—homes dogged by the

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wretchedness of alcoholism and violence, children often poisoned by drugs, driven to prostitution and to armed crime. The subject is real, important. But despite a resolve to avoid the "cutesy," little more is revealed—even by such tellingly titled numbers as *Let Me Be a Kid, Find Me a Hero*—than a talent for entertainment. That is what I mean by "too much show!" There is no pain, bite, nothing in it in the least stinging. It is little more than a jocose condemnation of evil.

Runaways aroused in me some of the same dissatisfaction I felt on seeing the much more brilliant and sensational *West Side Story*, the work of those outstanding artists Leonard Bernstein and Jerome Robbins. The audience heartily approves the liberal sentiments that motivate the authors of such spectacles, admires their craftsmanship and "daring"—and has a damned good time. I do not believe the theatre on any of its levels is for suffering, but when grave subjects are broached the effect ought to be penetrating, challenging, moving us to deeper understanding and to the possibility of foreseeable action.

Exhibits like *West Side Story* and *Runaways* expose the superficiality and basic indifference of the mass of our people in the areas of social issues and politics. We talk about them, we are even excited, but though we do not altogether forget certain scandals, very little is altered. What happened to the rebellion of our youth after Vietnam? Almost the very same people who acquiesced or remained silent in the blacklisting of Hollywood "subversives" gathered some years later to roar their adulation (at "Oscar" celebrations, for instance) of former victims of their ignorance or pusillanimity.

In West European countries major stage performances that pushed against the grain of majority thinking were for a long time rare, precisely because their audiences possessed more social and political awareness: such performances were considered a threat. The slyly ironic *Threepenny Opera* caused riots in the Germany of 1928 just before World War II; Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* divided the audience at the *Comédie Française* into actively hostile camps, as did Genet's *The Screens* at Jean-Louis Barrault's state-subsidized theatre during the Algerian struggle.

At a 1935 performance on Broadway of *Waiting for Lefty* a gentleman in an orchestra seat asked me "Do they mean it?" It was O.K. if it was merely an ebullient pastime. We call a presentation like *Runaways* touching and poignant, and consider ourselves not only radically progressive but noble to think so, and thus relieve ourselves of any responsibility.

It was innocent of those critics who thought *Macbird*, which absurdly hinted at an LBJ role in the assassination of President Kennedy, might be closed by the police. The audience received it for what it was: a sort of spunky college fraternity show. For most of us, politics is a sport or a spectacle. Watergate did not really shock the great public: it was a dandy melodrama. Perhaps this is so because we still feel safe; Europeans have for some time now realized that they aren't. We are an immensely gifted and good-natured people; we are not yet a serious one. □

AMAGANSETT

the child I was
floats in and out
of me

like a light
I can neither question
nor keep

that my body
receives her
is all I know

when she is with me
we are the place
itself

this sandy road
that leads
to the beach

a shiver of sun
touching water

Abigail Luttinger

INDIGENOUS MUSIC / Nat Hentoff

The very first Women's Jazz Festival—in Kansas City, March 17-19—brought to mind, as was intended, the submerged state of women in jazz. Not counting singers and pianists, of course; females working along those improvisatory lines were always indispensable. But hornwomen and female drummers or bassists have been decidedly scarce.

It was a physical thing, so males (musicians and aficionados) used to say. Chicks don't have the chops. When I was a teen-ager, a bunch of us new old boys were titillated to hear that Woody Herman was bringing a lady trumpet player to town. It had to be a hype, we figured. No chick could hold her own with the "Band That Played the Blues." But there she was, Billie Rogers, playing with salty zest, and swinging too. It was a sobering experience, but we soon regained our sense of the natural male order of horn playing because years went by before we saw another distaff (as they used to say) swinger.

Yet some girls kept on opting for trombones and trumpets and tenors, and a very few made a jazz living—though hardly ever in the limelight. As the organizers of the first Women's Jazz Festival told *The New York Times*, once word of this subversive project got out, "We have heard from an amazing number of young, female jazz musicians who are all, as they put it, 'struggling.' Now we hope that they'll have some role models. Until this point, if a woman didn't play piano or sing, she really didn't have anyone to look at and say, 'Well, they made it, maybe I can.'"

Not entirely true. Role models were there, if you could find them. For instance, there is now a quite revealing two-volume historical set, *Jazz Women/ A Feminist Retrospective* (Stash Records, P.O. Box 390, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. $8.98 postpaid. Add another $1 if you want Frank Drigg's instructive booklet, *Women in Jazz*). Starting with a 1926 stomp by Lovie Austin and Her Serenaders and reaching into the 1950s (trombonist Melba Liston with Dizzy Gillespie), the survey is a convincing refutation of the notion that a woman's jazz place is only at the piano or singing in front of macho instrumentalists.

There is some padding, and some unevenness of performance, but robust jazz kicks abound. In a 1926 track, Dolly Jones (new to me) plays cornet with hot authority and with such drive that I doubt anyone taking a blindfold test would have the slightest intimation of her gender. Or consider Ina Ray Hutton and her Melodears. In the 1930s, when the two Hutton tracks were recorded, the few all-girl road bands were novelties, not to be taken seriously by serious jazz buffs. Hutton's, I am now forcefully reminded, was an exception. This crew played with a collective, crackling energy and pulsing swing that sent a searing rebuttal to the anonymous male musician who wrote "Why Women Mu-

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sicians Are Inferior" in a 1938 *Down Beat*: "It would seem that even though women are the weaker sex they would be able to bring more out of a poor, defenseless horn than something that sounds like a cry for help."

There are many other rebuttals to that canard in *Jazz Women*: the grooving International Sweethearts of Rhythm, particularly its tenor saxophonist, Viola Burnside (whose playing would have been called "virile" if she had not been visible); the aforenoted Billie Rogers and Melba Liston; and the blistering trumpet of Valaida Snow with Fletcher Henderson's band. A surprise track is by Humphrey Lyttleton's British combo which includes the warm, gusty tenor sax of Kathleen Stobart. One wonders how many other little-known, or entirely unknown, jazz hornwomen are still trying to break through in Europe, Japan, South America and wherever else jazz has taken root—which is everywhere else.

Inevitably, there are also singers and pianists in *Jazz Women*—the rawly majestic Ma Rainey, the well-tempered Lil Armstrong, and the graceful, sensuous Una Mae Carlisle. Most widely represented is Mary Lou Williams who, almost from childhood, was recognized as a full peer by male players, but nearly always with the irritating footnote: "Well, she plays like a man."

With regard to role models, in her notes for this collection Mary Lou Williams remembers, at the age of 10, going to a black theatre in Pittsburgh and seeing Lovie Austin: "This great woman sitting in the pit and conducting a group of five or six men, her legs crossed, a cigarette in her mouth, playing the show with her left hand and writing music for the next act with her right."

To make it, chicks had to be *extra* fine. □

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Schizophrenia has long been a handy malady for popular entertainment; an early, somewhat baroque example is *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* but, like so much of our basic dramatic furniture, it probably goes back to the Greeks. The split personality can be relied on to please an audience because most of us indulge in private moments of kidding ourselves that behind our unalarming everyday personalities lurk fellows with basilisk eyes and strangler's hands. It is the dark side of Walter Mitty and, this being the age of, among other things, ambiguous identity, the fiction of schizophrenia is flourishing. Two examples are playing on New York screens.

The more substantial, and certainly the more palatable, of these is *Straight Time*, directed by Ulu Grosbard and based on *No Beast So Fierce*, a novel by Edward Bunker, whose articles from prison have appeared over the past few years in *The Nation*. (Mr. Bunker, after a long running battle of words with the federal prison authorities, is now a free man. He collaborated on the film script and plays a small part as a retired criminal who occupies himself by spotting likely projects for those still professionally active. Neither this role nor indeed any of *Straight Time* is to be thought autobiographical, though Bunker's connection with the film probably accounts for much of its air of authenticity.)

Straight Time is substantial, if for no other reason, because Dustin Hoffman plays the central part of Max Dembo, a a convict recently released on parole. He doesn't have the strongest of narratives or many details of personality on which to build, but he is an actor who, if so required and within his range of somewhat bizarre types, could work up a character from an ad in the phone book's yellow pages. In this picture he is robustly supported by Harry Dean Stanton and Gary Busey, as old pals in crime; by M. Emmet Walsh, as a malevolently jolly fat man of a parole officer and, romantically, by Theresa Russell, a beautiful, honest-eyed young woman who just might be the sort to fall hard for the lost child in Hoffman's Max Dembo.

The overt facts about Dembo are easily stated: he is brighter than average, and far brighter than those with whom a life of crime brings him in contact. For much of the time he is gentle of spirit, whimsically merry, but he has only a superficial grasp of reality outside the institutions where he has spent most of his life. He is essentially amoral and, when pressed, subject to a nervous rage that can drive him through a series of anti-social excesses culminating in murder. Thus, Max sees at a glance that his parole officer is a mean bastard, but cannot resist goading the ox in the man. And Max is a brilliant but incompetent robber: though he can contrive an elegant strategy, he lacks the patience to make the tactics secure. Almost from the moment he steps off the bus in Los Angeles, it is straight downhill for Max. He knows it and, if asked why in that case he acts as he does, would probably answer that he can't stand the stupidity. Ms. Russell's Jenny is not stupid, nor is she devious, and of all the people who cross Dembo's path during what is sure to be his brief holiday from prison, she

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HOME AND ABROAD

It is good to come back to Brooklyn
from the Cities of the Dead. The Nile
was boring and predictable—the
dark geometries, the mummy cloths,
the scarabs so meticulously
carved of lapis lazuli and quartz.
Here in Brooklyn, nothing, not even
the garden which failed to bloom last year,
is pre-ordained. Unaccountably,
at ten o'clock this morning, our street
was swept. The bodega down the block
was closed. The mail came early. Out back,
pairs of cardinals have come and gone
all winter, depending on our luck
or whether we remembered to hang
a seed bell from the tree.

And even then . . .

I look up from tending marigolds
and see you crying in our fenced-in yard.
Something foreign is disturbing you.
Be patient. Love me. It will go away.

Donald Lawder

alone survives relatively whole. He leaves her at a roadside gas station, and drives off down a long, straight highway. It is a modernized version of the Charlie Chaplin ending, only Dembo is not going off into the sunset; he is heading for San Quentin, this time for life.

Hoffman makes that much of *Straight Time*, and paradoxically it is enough to be not enough. If this were just a crime movie, the tricky capers and sudden violence could have been hammered together with a bit of skillful carpentry, and we would not have asked questions about motive and character. But Hoffman, having convinced you that Max Dembo is a man of considerable interest, quite aside from his surface charm and melodramatic approach to problems, then drives off with the important questions unanswered. It is pointless to complain that a film has done no more than it set out to do, but the sense of frustration follows its own laws. If Dembo had been in the audience of a film like that, he would probably have kicked out a row of seats at the end of it.

Fingers, in the same general category as *Straight Time*, is the first picture to be directed by the screen writer, James Toback, and it is a mess. It stars Harvey Keitel, whom one encounters often these days. I've seen him recently as an implacable duelist and admirer of the exiled Napoleon and as a larcenous Detroit auto worker. Who he is supposed to be this time I don't know and certainly neither does he. His problem seems to be that Toback expects him to be Jekyll and Hyde simultaneously rather than by turns, which is the traditional and perhaps more rewarding approach. Jimmy Angelelli, Keitel's assignment, is a pianist of concert caliber (the script says) who plays with extraordinarily rapid precision, though with facial expressions suggesting hysteria. He has also the disability, serious in one preparing for a career as a virtuoso, that he cannot play at all if anyone is listening. When he is not at his probably futile keyboard exercises, Jimmy wanders the streets of a New York I could never get quite into focus, carrying a casette machine he has loaded with particularly tiresome pop selections and plays at high volume (in restaurants, too).

Aside from these musical interests, Jimmy acts as "collector" for his father (Michael V. Gazzo), a loan shark who is smoking and screaming himself to death and might, just possibly, have been made credible by Zero Mostel. The film is called *Fingers* because Jimmy uses them on the piano and on the more sensitive areas of his father's delinquent clients. He also uses them on girls, particularly on one Carol (Tisa Farrow), who is in thrall to a black super-stud (Jim Brown), but doesn't mind giving Jimmy the titillation of her disorientation. Jimmy has a sexual hang-up that was never clear to me (there is one scene in which he stares obsessively at a group of young men festooned along a bar), but it maintains him in a state of such rampant excitement that he is forced to undergo excruciatingly painful treatment for an inflamed prostate. I forgot to say that his mother (Marian Seldes) is a former pianist now in a mental ward. She greets him when he calls with signs of loathing which, though perhaps excessively lively (Ms. Seldes knows how to make a considerable impression in a very small part), did not seem to me proof of madness, considering Jimmy.

I have contempt for this overwritten, confused and distasteful picture, but don't extend that feeling to Keitel. He is a serious actor, though a fallible judge of scripts, and the present disaster is more his misfortune than his fault. The ads for *Fingers* are saying, with the triteness of desperation, that we will love it or hate it. For me, there is a third possibility—I can forget it.

Note. Last week, having mislaid my cast list and noticing that the ads for *Furtivos* listed Jose Luís Borau as both the director and a star of the picture, I jumped to the conclusion that he played the leading role of Angel the Poacher. In fact, Borau plays the important supporting role of a provincial governor and eager deer hunter; Angel is played by Ovidi Montllor, and it is his compelling presence that gives the picture much of its power. □

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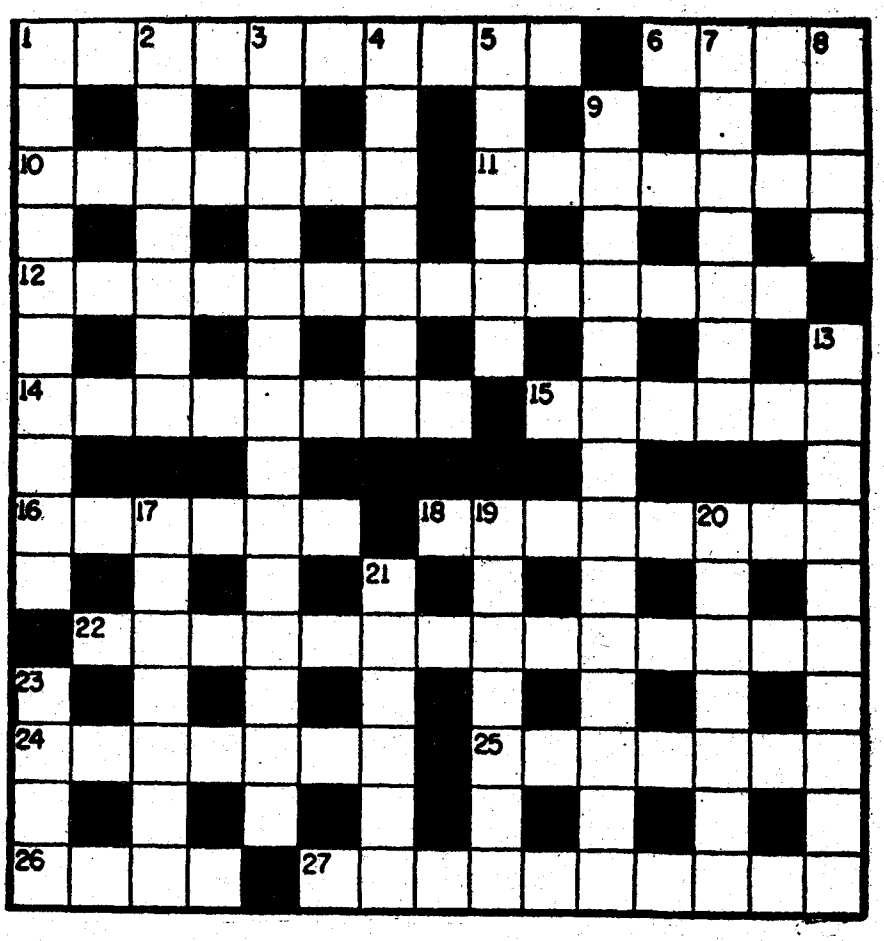
Crossword Puzzle No. 1720

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 15 Evidently sharp, if second or so. (5,1,4,6)
6 Soused, without getting so employed. (4)
10 What one sometimes needs is drier after this. (7)
11 A musket close to a meter long? That's one of the things they had on board. (7)
12 One who holystones the Captain's area has to have quite a few hands, and more than one leg. (6,2,6)
14 Look at the first floor, for instance—it's only between five and six feet high for most people. (3-5)
15 See 1 across
16 Chased, perhaps, like the people in some pictures. (6)
18 With the "O" sort of glowing? (5-3)
22 It suggests the office-type visitor might be the dog-type in slang, looking backward. (8,6)
24 It may not be so unpleasant if you do it to your hands, when you've had it. (5,2)
25 Not game for a different source of power. (7)
26 See 13 down
27 They blow in the winds. (10)

DOWN

1 Is this the battlecry of the moment? No, put on, always. (3,2,5)
2 Might be seen in Levis; I blench at the thought! (7)
3 What the supercilious have as a mark of distinction. (6,8)
4 Perhaps Rover got up wild, as an Old World type. (3,4)
5 Stores from which you can obtain old songs near at hand. (4,2)
7 Stretch a broken leg with a small thin piece of metal. (7)
8 Is the blue type found down in more than one heap of shells? (4)
9 An express type of imagination? (An abrupt question might wreck it.) (5,2,7)
13 For example, New York quarters are likely to be first class. (10)
17 The quantity of heat generated by the loricae? (7)
19 Her foxes weren't very big, in play. (7)
20 Those that come to a full stop? (Some women have them as a matter of habit.) (7)
21 One such defeated Hannibal. (6)
23 and 26 across What 20 have to do, argued for being bottled up. (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1719

ACROSS: 1 Never a cross word; 9 Succulent; 10 Fates; 11 Earthy; 12 Weathers; 14 Abeyance; 16 Irons; 17 Galop; 18 Incensed; 20 Amenable; 21 Impale; 24 Haiti; 25 Dithering; 26 Change of costume. DOWN: 1 Nested; 2 Vicar; 3 Roughly speaking; 4 Chew; 5 On the Beach; 6 Safety in numbers; 7 On the nose; 8 Desists; 13 Entitled to; 15 Ballerina; 17 Graphic; 19 Beagle; 22 Adieu; 23 Otic.

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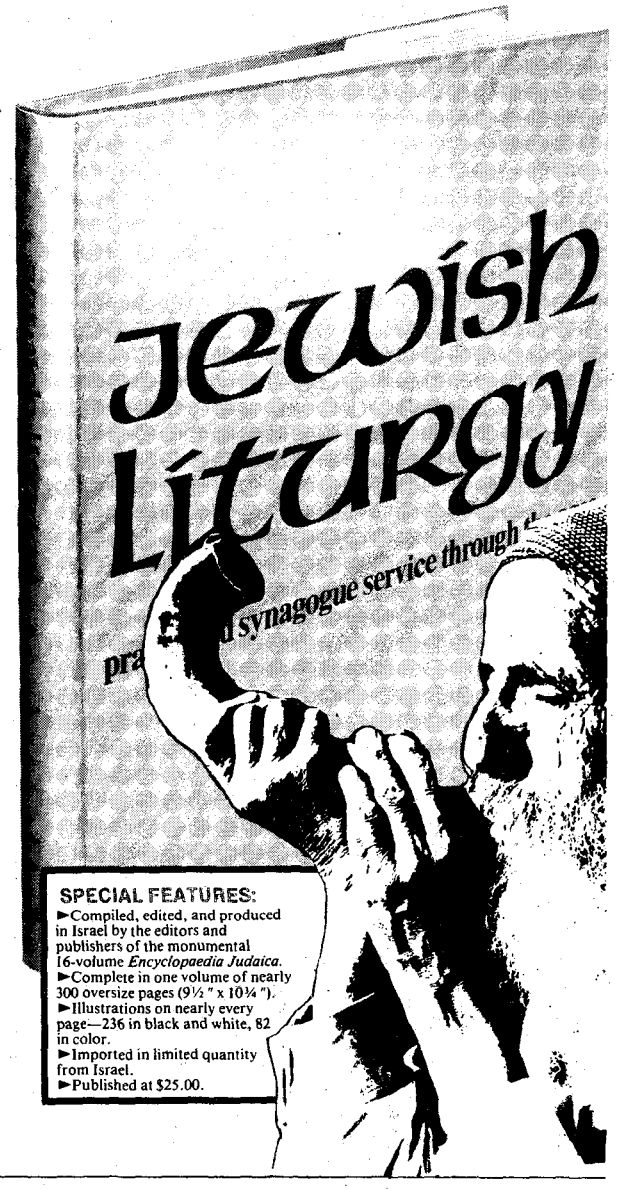
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